Confessio R.·. C.·. Fraternitatis

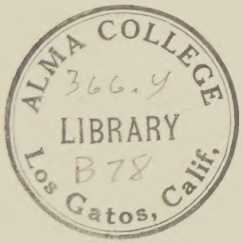
366.4
B78

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/confessiorcfrate0000vari

CONFESSIO
R.·. C.·.
FRATERNITATIS

Prepared by
BRO. PROFUNDIS
1918



ISSUED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF THE
IMPERATOR
ANCIENT MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
S.·. S.·. S.·.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

MANIFESTO I

50026

Title page of rare old Rosicrucian book, containing the "axiomatum," the laws and truths which appeared in the original Fama Fraternitatis Rosæ Crucis. Notice reference to " Fraternitet Christ Rosen Creuz," and the date 1618 appearing on the last line. The symbolism of this title page alludes to the purposes and study of Rosicrucianism.

Prolegomenon

BETWEEN the years 1610 and 1614 A. D. there was issued in Europe a tract in several languages which caused quite a sensation among the literati and the scholars of that period. This pamphlet bore the Latin title of "Fama Fraternitatis Rosæ Crucis," or the equivalent in the language in which it was issued. Most Rosicrucian and other historians are of the opinion that the original pamphlet issued in Cassel, Germany, was entirely in Latin, and that the others which followed were translations of it into the so-called profane languages of the countries in which it was disseminated.

From the public's point of view there were two factors of the utmost interest in the text of the tract and which made it sensational. The first was the revelation that a strange organization known as the Fraternitatis Crucis Rosæ, or the Rosicrucian Fraternity or Order, had come into existence through the efforts of an enlightened individual by the odd name of Christian Rosenkreuz or C.·. R.·. C.·. in the fourteenth century, and that this individual, upon his transition, had been interred in a tomb which had been recently discovered with his body found intact, and that with the body were found many startling manifestoes and documents of value to the entire world; further, that the finding of this tomb was declared to be the beginning of the re-establishment or new advent of this Rosicrucian Order. The second factor of interest was the declared purposes of this Fraternitatis Crucis Rosæ. Generally these purposes were said to be:

(a) To exalt mankind; to transcend man above the ordinary ways of living; to bring to light knowledge which by necessity had to be concealed because of previous intolerance.

(b) To cause man to appraise rightly his own worth and to understand his relationship to the universe in which he lives.

(c) To distinguish between the two realms of phenomena — the material and the divine.

This Fama also declared that this was the time for reformation and that "the most Godly and illuminated Father, our Brother C.·. R.·. C.·., the chief and original of our Fraternity," was one who had ardently labored for this general reformation. This was the first time since the origin of the Order Rosæ Crucis in the fourteenth century (if we accept literally the date of origin given in the Fama) that it had ever made itself so publicly known.

A storm of controversy broke immediately after the issuance of the Fama Fraternitatis in the many languages in which it was published. There was considerable speculation as to who was the author of the work. In other words, who were the Rosicrucians, and who had issued such a sensational manifesto? The authorship was attributed by many contemporary writers and later historians to different personalities of the period. At first it was generally accepted, and it is still held by some, though erroneously, that one Johann Valentine Andrea wrote the Fama. Andrea was born at Herrenberg in Würtemberg on August 17, 1586. He came of a wealthy and religious family. His uncle was known throughout Germany as a second Luther. Andrea received the elements of his education mainly under private tutorship as was the custom of the time. He later attended a university for a brief period but left in 1610 because of a falling into bad company. It is related that he repented and began a series of journeys to different countries to broaden his mind and to further his incomplete education. He wrote many works in Latin. One, entitled "Christian Republic," caused considerable comment because of its outspoken criticism of papalism of the period. It was said that because of it Andrea was accused of being a Rosicrucian. In that work we find the first actual connection in any way of Andrea with the term Rosicrucianism. Later he wrote many tracts on the subject of the Rosicrucians and their teachings but his literary style is recognized now as being so different from that used in the Fama that even most historians of the day do not any longer credit him with the authorship of the Fame. The con-

jecture of his authorship of the Fama is based principally upon the fact that he mentioned C.·. R.·. C.·. in later tracts issued by him, and because some of his literary endeavors were of an occult nature. However, by the same reasoning we could declare anyone a member of A. M. O. R. C. merely because he mentioned in a book by his pen the name of the organization or because he wrote books devoted to mystical lines of thought.

Of greater concern than the authorship of the Fama was the question as to whom the Rosicrucians were. Inasmuch as the effects of the Protestant Reformation of the previous century under the leadership of Martin Luther were still being felt in Europe and particularly in Germany, many persons concluded from the text of the Fama and its proclaimed general reformation of the world that it was a religious or Lutheran movement that was being revived. Almost everyone accepted the tale of C.·. R.·. C.·. as either a fantasy or an actual fact. No one except the R. C. brethren at the time grasped its real significance. Even today there are small, unauthentic and self-styled Rosicrucian societies and fellowships that accept the origin of the Rosicrucian Order as given in the Fama Fraternitatis; in other words, that it was the sole conception and creation of an individual named Christian Rosenkreuz, and that it had its first great development in Europe immediately following the issuance of the Fama in 1614. The Fama relates that C.·. R.·. C.·., or Christian Rosenkreuz, was born of noble parents in 1378. The family, however, was said to have suffered severe financial reverses and at the age of five years he was placed in a cloister because of poverty. In his early youth he accompanied a monk on a journey to the Holy Land. The monk died on the Island of Cyprus. He had no funds, but decided, so the tale continues, to go on his pilgrimage alone. He reached the ancient city of Damascus, but owing to "the feebleness of his body" he had to remain there for a considerable time. It is said he impressed the Turks in Damascus with his exceptional knowledge of physics. While residing there, there came to his attention the tales of great accomplishments of the Wise Men of Damcar in Arabia (a city which never existed, or a misspelling of another). These

Wise Men were said to be conversant with the inner workings of the laws of nature. He became so enthusiastic to witness their feats and study with them that he abandoned his previous plans of proceeding to Jerusalem. He is said to have "made a bargain with the Arabians that they should carry him for a certain sum of money to Damcar." Though he was physically depleted his hardy Dutch constitution stood him in good stead, and he reached his destination at the youthful age of sixteen years. The Wise Men, we are told in the Fama, knew of his coming. They were not the least surprised at his arrival or at his youth. This city was hidden, so the Fama relates, and its enterprises mainly concerned adeptship. There he learned to master the Arabic language of which he had some knowledge previously, and higher mathematics, and acquired a more profound knowledge of physics. A secret manuscript was given to him to translate into Latin. It is referred to in the Fama as Book "M." Of course it is a generally known historical fact that the Arabians were the preservers of much of the ancient wisdom of the mystery schools of Greece and of Egypt which had been suppressed by Roman decree centuries before. After a sojourn of three years in Damcar, he made a hurried journey to Egypt and there he made a cursory examination of the plant and animal life of that land. The Wise Men of Damcar had decided that he must sail the Mediterranean and finally go to Fez. This he did. There he learned more of the secrets of the Kabala and the mysteries of the Magia. He now believed that the learned of Europe, the literati, would welcome his wealth of new-found knowledge. So eventually he arrived in Spain. There he tried to introduce his reformation of the arts and sciences, but the scholars were either skeptical or little inclined to accept him into their ranks, for he failed in interesting them. He then ruminated at great length on his wisdom and responsibilities and finally concluded, so we are told in the Fama, that he should return to his native Germany.

He arrived home and, after periods of great cogitation, decided to reduce his trust — that is, the heritage of learning — to writing as a permanent memorial. He selected three monks to assist him.

They were chosen from the cloister in which he had dwelled as a child. Each bound himself to C.·. R.·. C.·. by oaths of fidelity, diligence and secrecy. They spent much time and considerable effort in translating the Book "M" and they used "magical language and writing." This evidently meant that they employed a cipher or code. Finally C.·. R.·. C.·. began the erection of a Domus Spiritus Sancti (House of Holy Spirit). After the textual work was completed, so the Fama relates, it was necessary to spread the work of the Order. For this five others were drawn in who were "bachelors and of avowed virginity." With the exception of two who remained with C.·. R.·. C.·., the others went to various parts of Europe to spread the teachings of the Order. The Fama says they gathered in convention annually "and made a full resolution of that which they had done." One of the brethren passed through transition in England and consequently the Master Christian Rosenkreuz ordered them all to return to him. He later passed through transition at the age of 106 years, but none of his second successors knew exactly when or where.

The Fama continues by saying that a young student who had in the course of his studies taken "the solemn oath of fidelity and secrecy" was told by his spiritual father that the Order of the Rosy Cross would not continue to remain hidden, but before long would again be disclosed to the world. This young monk was also a student of architecture and he prepared before setting out on his adventure into the world to improve "his building," this perhaps meaning the same as the Domus Spiritus Sancti. In his wanderings and labors he came upon a tablet which was inscribed with the name and insignia of the Rosicrucian Order. He felt that such a valuable find should be more appropriately placed, and it is related that while affixing it to a wall with a staple, a great stone pulled away, and behind it was revealed a secret door upon which was a Latin inscription indicating that one hundred and twenty years must elapse before it was to be opened, and lo, it was the very year — the time for the opening of the vault or sanctuary. And so the Fama tells that the monk and others entered, and it goes to great length in describing the arrangement

of the tomb and sanctuary, its fixtures, walls and furnishings. They were all of a geometrical and symbolical design; the symbolism we, as Rosicrucians, would immediately recognize. It concerns the interlaced triangles, the square, the circle, and their relation to each other. In the center of this tomb or sanctuary was a magnificent altar, and when this was moved and a brass plate beneath it lifted up, there they came upon "the body of our careful and wise father, C.·. R.·. C.·." He was clothed in the ceremonial vestments of the Order and was holding a parchment scroll. This vault or tomb, it is said, contained other great treasures of wisdom in scroll and book. The Fama goes to quite some length in describing these contents.

As said, many thought all this a highly fantastic legend, while others accepted the story without question. As a matter of historical fact, however, the Fama Fraternitatis itself was actually known to exist as a manuscript before the year 1614 in which it was said to be first published. One Julius Sperber, in writing in 1615, said it had existed for nineteen years before its public appearance. Adam Haselmyer, a notary public who later became imperial judge under Archduke Maximilian, and who wrote a response to the Fama, said that he had seen the Fama five years before it was published, or perhaps in the year 1608 or 1609. Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England at the time, was actually secret Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order in England, and it was he, as is known to the Rosicrucian Order from the facts of its own records in the archives of the various jurisdictions, who was the real author of the Fama Fraternitatis in its Latin form. He had caused it to be issued for the purpose of reviving the Order in Germany. In other words, in accordance with the traditional custom of cyclical periods of one hundred and eight years of activity and then one hundred and eight years of inactivity of the Order, it had become the time for another period of Rosicrucian activity in Germany. Even the most skeptical and peripheral writers of Rosicrucian history agree that Bacon's book, "Advancement of Learning," has a similar style to the Fama in particular that it proposes the advancement of the arts and sciences and of

learning by the inductive method, by a scrutiny of nature's own ways as distinguished from the scholastic methods employed by the monks of the period. Further, the Domus Spiritus Sancti, or House of the Holy Spirit, to which the Fama refers and which is meant as an allegory of a state or condition which enters man for the higher purposes of learning, seems to parallel the Salomon's House mentioned in Bacon's tale, "The New Atlantis." Bacon says in his work, "The New Atlantis," in referring to Salomon's House: "It was the erection, and institution of an Order, or society, which wee call Salomon's House, the noblest foundation (as wee thinke) that ever was upon the earth; — it is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God."

Rosicrucian historians (that is, the official historians of the Order) who have access to its archives, *know* that C.·. R.·. C.·. was an allegorical name or pseudonym given to an eminent Rosicrucian character of the fourteenth century. The literal translation means "A Christian of the Rosy Cross." This individual, this outstanding character, like many before him, did journey to the East to bring wisdom from the ancient lands to a Europe steeped in darkness. Arnaud, a philosopher of the ninth century, was the first to bring such wisdom to Europe. This C.·. R.·. C.·., consequently, by no means established the Order, for the Rosicrucian Order is mentioned in works prior to the legendary date of his birth. As for the opening of the tomb referred to in the Fama, that relates to the opening of the Order's archives which had been sealed for the one hundred and eight year period of inactivity, and the bringing of the Order to public attention again. Its symbols, its rituals, its sacred laws and principles, constitute "the body" to which the Fama refers, and had no relationship to the physical body of a human. Actually, then, the Fama Fraternitatis was a manifesto carefully worded, in veiled language, to publicly proclaim the revival of Rosicrucianism in Germany and on other parts of the European continent.

It was anticipated by the author of the Fama Fraternitatis that much of its context would not be understood and that more explanatory works would need to follow. Thus the Fama Frater-

nitatis contains references to a *confession* of the Rosicrucian Order which was to follow. This confession was to disclose and admit things which the original manifesto did not treat fully. It was to provide further information regarding the book "M." It further was to set forth thirty-seven reasons for making known the facts of the Rosicrucian Fraternity to a profane world and for offering such high mysteries at that time. The Fama also promised that this confession to come would elucidate on the subject of a book called the "Rota Mundi" which was one of the books mysteriously referred to in the Fama. About the year 1615 in Cassel, Germany, this heralded manifesto, the "Confessio Fraternitatis R.·. C.·. put in its appearance. The original manuscript, like that of the Fama, is said to have been published in Latin with the full title "Fama Fraternitatis Rosæ Crucis cum eorum Confessione." It had a preface addressed "to the reader who is desirous of wisdom." It, too, like the Fama, had an extensive circulation and eventually was translated into several languages.

Andreas Libavius, contemporary writer of the period, for over twenty years entered into a controversy over the origin and contents of these Rosicrucian manifestoes. He was a writer of voluminous works on alchemy and hermetic medicine. His magnum opus "Neoparacelsia" which he issued in 1594, and which was an attack on the writings of the Greek philosopher Claudius Galen and Aristotle, drew particular attention to him. In this work he, like many others of the era, advocated a break with the schools of thought of Aristotle and Galen. It was not necessarily a criticism of Aristotle and the writings of Galen, but that man should not look upon them as having all the fruits of knowledge, because there were still on the tree of knowledge *many other fruits* to be plucked, if man would just reach for them. Our particular interest in Libavius is his monograph entitled, "Analysis Confessionis Fraternitatis de Rosæ Cruci." This is an extraction after his own manner of the contents of the Confessio. In it he sets forth his "Argumenta." Briefly, he gives the thirty-seven reasons which appeared in the Confessio for making known the R.·. C.·. Fra-

ternity, and which he analyzed. The following is a summary of them:

1. The promised restoration of the world to that state of paradise which existed on earth before the fall of man because of temptation and degradation.

2. To point out to a more enlightened world the existing defects in art, science and religion, such defects being responsible for much of man's adversities.

3. To point out how divinity freely offers to man through illumination and the practice of certain of the mysteries what he previously only attained through much toil and suffering.

4. To make known the healing balm (the healing methods) of the Rosicrucian Order for the alleviating of physical and mental pain.

5. The Order offers a medial way by which the ills of the country — social and political difficulties — may be overcome.

6. It knows the wonders of the Sixth Age — namely, it knows what could be done to take advantage of the current age of the world.

7. It proffers great secrets and opens archives of heretofore unknown treasures.

8. It explains why the Order must function insofar as its teachings are concerned with circumspection and even in secrecy at times.

9. The Order always reveals new truth and strives to build in mind and matter an ark of such truth for posterity.

10. Such truths as it advances can be gained only through the portals of the Rosicrucian Order.

11. The Order is a refuge for those who would escape disease and infirmity.

12. The Order is a place for those who wish to feel that they desire to live in harmony with the laws of nature since the beginning of time, and as will be in the end.

13. The brethren, wherever they live, shall be able to know of things which are transpiring at a great distance from themselves, and yet be conscious of their own immediate surroundings as well.

14. The Order promises the destruction of religious intolerance.

15. It does not seek to gain a man's wealth.

16. It would make others partakers of its own goods.

17. The Order does not resort to hypocrisies and chimeras.

18. It seeks to explain all mysteries in a simple and forceful manner.

19. It is the impulsion of the Holy Spirit or God.

20. It reveals the usage of the good things of the entire earth.

21. It brings mankind out into the light of learning and understanding.

22. It recognizes Christ as a great Master and Adept.

23. That C.·. R.·. C.·. lived one hundred and six years and saw many changes in the world.

24. Darkness and perfidy pervade the whole world.

25. Those who wish light and freedom shall seek the Order.

26. The Order is in possession of certain rites, rules and regulations.

27. The happiness of the present age is inherent in the Order.

28. Many prominent men have accomplished a great deal by their writings in reforming the world; the Order must do likewise.

29. The counsel of God is to raise up the humble and abase the proud.

30. God sends His messages to those who are secret and silent.

31. He abandons dablers to their own devices.

32. Man should be a carrier of that which is good and noble.

33. That man must not spurn the common things of the earth for they, too, are the gifts of God.

34. But these common things do not always give indication of their value in nature's scheme.

35. Nature proffers many other valuable things besides medicine for the healing of the ill.

36. Man's first need is knowledge, and philosophy is the means to provide it.

37. The Rosicrucians offer to mankind treasures — come and share them.

Throughout the Fama it is mentioned that "the unworthy may clamor a thousand times" yet they will not receive what the R.·. C.·. Order has to offer. That rectitude and proper comport are the necessary qualifications to attain what the Order has to offer is made known in both the Fama and the Confessio. Of consequence to us of today, who are members of the Esoteric Hierarchy of the Ancient Mystical Order Rosæ Crucis, is the fact that at the time of the revival of Rosicrucianism in Germany in the seventeenth century all of the facts concerning the Order's establishment and purposes were not disclosed at one time. The Confessio, as we have seen, told more at a later date about these things, and after it came even more revealing manifestoes, both public and private.

With the re-establishment of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, in North America for its second cycle in the early part of this twentieth century by Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, certain manifestoes had to again be issued which in their purpose were not unlike the Fama Fraternitatis. The "tomb" was once again opened; that is, from the archives of the Order the *body* was brought into light, for again a people was ready for Rosicrucianism, and in accordance with the traditional law of a recurring cycle of activity, literature was issued and histories were prepared for public reading, both in book and periodical form. However, all of the facts concerning the Order's re-establishment in this jurisdiction could not be too quickly and frankly divulged. Prudence had to be exercised, so though the present histories are basically true in fact, still they conceal much. Time has proven the early caution necessary, and because of it the Order in the Western World has grown in proportion to its accomplishments and its value to the

peoples of this new era. But a time came when the curtain had to be raised higher, for in the recesses of the stage of truth were scenes the audience was now prepared to witness with a full understanding. The time was propitious for another *Confessio*. This one, however, must differ by virtue of circumstances from the original one issued in the year 1615. It would need not tell so much of the purpose of the Order Rosæ Crucis; the world had come to know that. But it should acquaint certain of the brethren with the inner Cosmic experiences of their Imperator, that they may be inspired to accomplish, in manifold ways, acts of equal consequence to mankind. In other words, this *new Confessio* was needed so that certain of the brethren could add to their Domus Spiritus Sancti.

And so in 1918 the late Imperator of AMORC, Dr. H. Spencer Lewis, issued in manuscript form a new Confessio R. C. Fraternitatis, and I here bring to you a reproduction of it with the hope that from its reading you may be so Cosmically illuminated as to attain that state of Cosmic Consciousness which it has brought to many who have been privileged to read it previously.

RALPH M. LEWIS
IMPERATOR, A. M. O. R. C.
North and South American
Jurisdiction, Supreme Temple
Rosicrucian Park
San Jose, California.

(CONTINUED IN MANIFESTO II)

AVERMENT

Standing in the presence of the God of my Heart and ever mindful of the Terror of the Threshold, I do solemnly affirm that I have carefully read and meditated upon the contents of this manifesto. I further affirm that at the supreme moment when I was conscious of the spiritual surge within my being that enthralled and caused me to ascend in consciousness above and beyond my mortal and physical environment, and when I was also aware of the invisible presence of the Cosmic Hosts, I did affix my signature below and record the hour, day, month and year of this Cosmic experience. I do also solemnly avouch by these same sacred tokens that I have permitted no other eyes but mine to peruse the contents of this manifesto.

Name *Time* *Day* *Month* *Year*

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

CONFESSIO
R.·. C.·.
FRATERNITATIS

Prepared by
BRO. PROFUNDIS
1918

ISSUED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF THE
IMPERATOR
ANCIENT MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
S.·. S.·. S.·.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

MANIFESTO II

Another reproduction of a title page of a centuries old Rosicrucian book, which is in the archives of the Order at Rosicrucian Park. The portrait is of Johann Valentine Andrea, who, because of his satirical tracts and later commentaries on the Order Rosae Crucis, was wrongly thought to be the author of the Fama Fraternitatis. Note the lighted candle, depicting illumination and wisdom; the hour glass, time; and the skull, death or transition.

INTRODUCTION

ON THIS Sunday morning I find myself in the sunny South of our country where, within the week, I will meet with those who have found the Light like unto myself; and as I look out upon the Carolinian landscape for the first time in my life, I realize that this "cross-continent" trip with the rare privilege of spending a few days in sunny California and in visiting many other attractive and interesting points of my country is, indeed, an event in my life which I shall always remember and deeply appreciate.

Two such trips have thus come into my life; the one to Europe in the year 1909, and this one just begun. Both have been permitted or made possible through the financial assistance of others and at no personal cost to me except that of *service*. It is this fact which leads me to deep contemplation upon the law which operates in my life in many ways. My trip to Europe was for the purpose of rendering to *one* an unusual service, not wholly selfish and not without its humanitarian aspects; my mission was at that time, however, the work of a servant in the employ of another, and as an employee I was compensated according to the worldly laws of *service* and *compensation*.

My present trip finds me no longer holding any position as an employee in the service of one or a few, but a chief executive officer with others in his employment, yet I am still the servant of a *great many* and have found it necessary to interrupt my home enjoyments and associations, inconvenience the work normally necessary, and devote from four to five weeks in travelling in order to render *service to thousands* rather than to one. Ever and ever have I found in the past nine years that I was born to serve — to be servant unto others, just as my old friend and astrologer, Henry Waterhouse, told me ten or more years ago after a careful study of my natal horoscope.

And, the very fact that nine years have almost passed since my life's work began, is significant in itself, for in July of this year, 1918 — but three months hence — the first nine years of my particular endeavor in behalf of mankind will have ended; and whatever meagre work has been done by me in the attaining of the *first point* of my course toward that ultimate goal which will be reached by others in the next few years, *has been a pleasure fraught with suffering, sacrifice and many heartaches.*

To me, of course, this ninth year is a year of considerable importance. It is my final, my last year of executive preparation of the work of the Order Rosæ Crucis; it is the mystical year which comes into the lives of all men who enter into the cycle of this work. History proves this: the records of those who have given their lives in the past in the same work, *indicate that none escapes the mystical year* — the ninth, the third point on the third journey around the Triangle. After this ninth year comes the cycle of suffering and crucifixion for the hardiness in daring to assume the burden of the CROSS. For nine years the CRUCIFIXION, then (beginning with July of 1927) a cycle of NINE years of RESURRECTION, REGENERATION and ASCENSION.

I find, too, that just as I was informed would be the case, in this ninth year of my work the first and most advanced members of the original Lodge of the Order have reached the Ninth Degree — the Degree which corresponds with the very principle making for my advancement to spiritual executiveship of the Order as soon as the Ninth year is completed. *It is the year and the Degree of exoteric attainment and esoteric birth, of esoteric fulfillment and exoteric fulfillment.**

So, I have taken this opportunity while having many hours to think and write while journeying from city to city, to put into record and upon paper those facts which must form the fundamental laws and principles upon which the future executive chiefs of the Order Rosæ Crucis may base their work and their plans, *that the Order itself may never lose the traditions which constitute*

*The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth degrees had not as yet been instituted by the Imperator.

its hereditary power and personality and its truly Divine and Spiritual conception. In this regard, then, this CONFESSION is like unto others which have been issued in the past; three of these are known to me — those of Amenhotep IV, Arnaud II of France, and Christian Rosenkreutz (Francis Bacon) in Germany. Since that of Rosenkreutz, there has been none other than this; and while my words may be less veiled than those of my more illustrious and more scholarly predecessor, still the importance of what I have to say and its bearing upon the Order is none the less evident and certainly no less necessary than was a CONFESSION in the 16th century in Germany.

And, what have I then to *confess?* Would I dwell upon the fact or points of my humble service as a medium for the strange laws that have worked through me by no conscious choice on my part? No! *In that regard I would remain quiet and silent that my boastfulness might not be the unbecoming conduct of a Rosæcrucian. But, I must confess the truth regarding our Beloved Order's mystic reincarnation in America and the divinity of its teachings and principles.*

We have been told that *the truth shall make us free.* Yet have I withheld the truth herein revealed because *truth,* like other mighty powers and forces of nature, requires a *time* and a place for expression that it may truly be beneficent and not destructive. The experiences which have come to me in the past, and which are so carefully related here, might have come to me earlier in life (though the responsibilities resulting therefrom have been unusually heavy for a man of my youth); but there was a time and a place and *circumstance,* and these I will now reveal, explain and record in the fullest detail, that a few chosen ones may read now, others at a later date, and still more in that future when the Order shall have blossomed into the matured Rose of *immortality.*

A man's real work in life is seldom recognized as such until after he has made a considerable advance in it and finds that the motive or motives are of Divine inspiration, the results truly universal and altruistic in effect, and the obligations are those of personal sacrifice. Just *how* and *when* a man, even a young man,

may be called upon to begin or perform his one great mission, are questions which cannot be answered except, perhaps, through a prophetic Cosmic inspiration, which influx of awakening, like an inner call, has been aptly called a *Cosmic Direction.*

In my own case — if I may be pardoned for assuming at this time that the work of the past nine years has been the basis for my *life work* — I was conscious only of one thought at the time I pledged to attempt that which seemed a colossal task; *I knew that the inspiration, the impulse, the desire came from without and that it was free from selfishness and would mean greater personal sacrifices if I succeeded than if I failed.* With this in mind I resigned myself to the task and found in my resignation and willingness a great enthusiasm which has never failed me even in the midst of the most disheartening circumstances and when confronted with seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

Without further introduction, then, I shall enter into the minute details of my connection with the Order Rosæ Crucis and of the part *I have had to play or assume* in order that the will of the Masters should be obeyed. *Perhaps the enemies I have made in the past through this work and those who still seek to undo the good work of the Order, will find in the following pages much to censure and condemn, but they must unite with my friends — my many loyal Brothers and Sisters — in saying that whatever I have done that might have been left undone found its promptings in an unselfish heart, an altruistic soul and an obedient servant, striving only to fulfill the decrees of the Masters for the good of others and hampered with a very limited education in some essentials, and forced into regrettable acts by the very ones who will now criticize what had to be done by an honest mind, an emotional nature, and a clear conscience in order that Light might be given to those held in darkness.*

PROFUNDIS XII°

PART ONE

As soon as I became conscious of the "self" within me as a boy in my twelfth to thirteenth year, I slowly became cognizant of extreme degrees of those things which seemed to make little or no impression upon others. *The clean things, the noble things and sacred things of life* affected me so deeply at times that I dropped into a period of meditation resulting in hours of tears and a day or so of such sweet sadness that I could not fathom its significance; secondly, I found myself prophetic to the extent that, without intending to do so and even without knowing at the time that such was the case, I would make statements which became or rather later proved to be correct predictions. This rather amused me as a boy, although I do not recall ever having made light of it or in any way derided the mystical element in such occurrences. To me it seemed at first as though my prophetic statements came as a result of my rather quick and logical reasoning — a combination of gifts very rare in young men, but not greatly appreciated by me then. I could not understand why others could not make the same prophecies — or at least see things in their process of development with inevitable, *future* results — as I did. Even to this day I find myself impatient at times with the poor and illogical reasoning of those who could, or should do better; and I am unable to understand why many do not *foresee* results which are logical from the premise established. But, as years have passed since my boyhood days, I have come to realize and understand what was a great and serious problem in my fourteenth year. In that year I was suddenly illuminated with the fact that at such times as I thought my own objective or conscious mind was stating or presenting such facts as were prophetic or mystical in some element, *it was in fact not my own mind, but that of another self or another personality either within me or constantly in touch, mentally, with me.*

Now such a conclusion on the part of a young man is calculated to plunge his more serious thoughts into an abyss of speculation and contemplation; and if constant test and experiment made stronger his conviction and its weirdness became a sacred thing wholly within the bounds of his emotional nature, then there could be *no other result than that the young man would slowly and reverently turn his entire thought and studies to the field of religious mysticism.*

I trust I will be understood. Many minds find much interest in mysticism; many even devote time and thought to the subject, but few indeed (and I speak now after nine or more years' contact with the most advanced mystics in America and other countries) are concerned with or realize that there is a *religious mysticism* which transcends the other forms, whatever they may be.

So, appreciate if you will, a young man in his fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth years, still in public school, whose interests should be in the prescribed, limited, matter-of-fact subjects of grammar classes, being not only deeply but emotionally, religiously and enthusiastically interested in the most profound mysteries of life's manifestation. But, such was the case. The more I speculated upon the possibility of there being another personality (or perhaps I said "person" in those days) within me, the more I conceived of such. Bear in mind that in those days little was known by the lay-mind regarding secondary personalities, for Hudson and others had not placed upon the open market the books dealing with those subjects which might have suggested either the problem unconsciously to me or at least have helped me to solve it. So throughout the years 1897, 1898 and 1899 I worked on my problems alone and it was only in the latter year, the year I graduated from public school and started out in the world to work and study, that I came upon some of Hudson's books and found in them a point to begin my researches — the point where he ended his theories and useless hypotheses which utterly rejected or ignored the divine or religious elements in mysticism. It is not my intention to go into the details of those months and years of solemn, lonesome investigation and study of the phenomena which daily

grew more marked and more unconscious. *Naturally I fell, or rather was lead, into the habit or practice of daily and sometimes hourly meditation in the silence wherever I might be.* My teachers at school noticed it; our choir leader and Sunday School teacher saw it; my parents became alarmed over my health and on many occasions spoke to me about the deep sighs which came from me long after I had retired and should have been sound asleep. I gave every outward sign of having a deep and serious weight upon my mind when I should have been happy and enjoying the games and pleasures of boyhood but which never interested me. To this day I know nothing of baseball, football, lawn tennis and other games in which my brother and our school chums were very expert.

But I did find in such silent and solitary meditation that which made me extremely happy and *peaceful.* I can find no other word for it. Even when the tears would flow and my heart would seem to sob — as it nearly always did — in contemplation of God's existence and the marvelous workings of nature, I found peace in the sadness and joy in the spiritual or mental world in which I lived at such times.

As years went by, I found that I had become more attuned, or, as I would have expressed it then, more in sympathy or understanding with that other entity or personality which at least spoke to me from within, even if its existence was without. I had never experienced any *sight* of what others would have called *spirits;* but I did see, at times, beautiful lights, generally a light blue, and I often heard the sweetest of music, in full harmony but too soft to determine its nature although I was familiar with music through the education in that line given me by my mother and later by a Russian pianist, a young man, my own age, whose phenomenal success or ability I always attributed to a mystical cause.

So it came about that I became a member of the Methodist Church on Seventh Avenue, known as the "Metropolitan Temple," presided over by Rev. S. Parks Cadman, and since that church was open every day and every hour to those who desired to come there for meditation, I learned the value of a place made holy and harmonious by sacred vibrations, and as I had been, with my

brother, the first member of its Sunday School and the first member of its choir before the church came to Seventh Avenue, *I looked upon the place as my spiritual home and went there at times to meditate, much to the astonishment of the janitor and the misunderstanding of others.*

It was at one of these periods of meditation after school hours on a Wednesday, that I was questioned by the assistant Pastor and to him I explained the joy and peace I found in such sacred meditation and contemplation. He was a young man, then about twenty-five, with a truly lovable, loyal and sincere nature and the youth of the Church loved him as they respected and actually worshipped Dr. Cadman. I was advised to come often and to *pray.* There was naught but life itself that I desired, for I did not even consider that I needed *illumination; I simply did not know what was necessary and therefore did not pray for anything except love and peace.* I was told to thank God each day for the bread and the necessities which were being provided; but to my youthful understanding this seemed unnecessary, *for I felt that I was being supported or prepared by Him for some definite purpose, and that being the case, it would be strange for me to thank God for what He gave me, as though it was being given to me for my own selfish sake.* So, while I felt happy and appreciative for the very life I experienced, I did not express such appreciation in the form of prayerful thanks.

I was probably a mystery to the good young man and he did not understand me, perhaps. But we came to love each other and he often came to sit with me in silence and contemplate. Sometimes an hour would pass and not one word would be spoken by either of us; yet we grew to feel and enjoy a certain attunement which seemed to surround us as we sat in the centre of the Church and gazed with concentration upon the altar. What he thought at such times I never knew; some day I will know.

After I finished school in June of 1899 I started my business career in the same fashion as other boys, beginning in various lines until one was found that seemed to be the right one. And, I drifted from the Church and even from its locality and for several

years the Church was simply a fond memory while my home, or some part of it, became my sanctum. The kind young clergyman passed away and to his memory the young people of the Church gave the beautiful stained glass window to be seen now in the large centre circle of the front of the Church on Seventh Avenue near Fourteenth Street, New York City. Thus closed my boyhood days and the days of my early development in mysticism.

PART TWO

It seemed not only natural that I should delve deeply into the various sciences which seemed to have any bearing upon the great work of my youth — the solving of the psychic problem which appeared to enslave me — but the studies likewise proved interesting and though heavy and pondrous for one of my age, *I realized more and more as I entered each field of research that the principles were old acquaintances in new dress.* It was this latter point that is probably responsible for the fact that I never completed any one scientific study, nor thoroughly studied any one section or division of such subjects as did come within my special course of reading. I did not like the *new dress* in which they were presented; the only exception to this statement being the book entitled, "New Knowledge," a semi-scientific book which came into my hands in 1917, long after all the fundamentals of the teachings of the Order Rosæ Crucis in America had been established in the regular Temple lectures.

Constantly I found that the modern authors or compilers of scientific text books lost sight of the *natural fundamentals.* After presenting their findings or the findings of others in the laboratories of the chemist, or physicist, the theories or hypotheses offered as explanations of the manifestations or demonstrations seemed too ridiculous to command my attention — the attention of a boy of twenty uneducated in any school of science.*

It was near the close of my school work in 1899 that as part of the school teachings, we made a few experiments in physics — simple little demonstrations which meant little to the other boys except a relaxation from more tedious studies. To me, however, such demonstrations awakened a sleeping phase of my mind, and as soon as I was earning sufficient money as a youth in employ,

*It was not long after his twentieth year that the late Imperator plunged into the various fields of science in which he accomplished many things of recognized importance.

I devoted my spare time to getting together sufficient material to review the old school demonstrations and many others which constantly suggested themselves. Books I did not have at my command and I did not know of the great public library reference rooms (having entered such treasure houses for the first time in the year 1910), and the only books I could consult for reference were such *modern* text books as were published by or for sale by the firm of Baker and Taylor, publishers, on East Sixteenth Street, New York City, where I had applied for a position as *office boy* at a salary of seven dollars weekly in order to have such few books at hand for reading without cost.

At eighteen years of age my experiments in physics had lead me into simple chemical experiments and to this I owe my greater interest in the art of photography, which as some few may realize combines very many of the fundamental laws of both physics and chemistry, and in quite an occult or mystical manner. My first camera was built entirely from wooden cigar boxes and my darkroom and laboratory was a small room in the cellar of my home at number 72 Seventh Avenue, New York. In and through this work came a realization of a principle which had been trying to find expression in my thinking and doing for several years — *that all we saw, felt, tasted or knew of objectively was the result of vibrations impressing themselves upon us, just as the vibrations passing through the lens of the camera,* although invisible to us, caused a material, a PHYSICAL and CHEMICAL result demonstrable in either laboratory. I *now* know this to be true — but it was indeed a wonderful and strange principle for a young man to conceive and mature without the aid of professional and expert assistance.

Desiring to eliminate, as greatly as possible, the element of biography in this paper, I will skip over the many incidents of my youth which relate to my attempt to fathom and solve the problems involved in the realizations I constantly experienced and which today I would class under the general head of "psychic" to avoid using more profound or transcendental terms, but which I then understood so little as to leave them unnamed.

My investigations lead me to test seriously the tenets of the "spiritualistic" movement, so popular in and about New York between 1903 and 1905, and from my investigations I found that so-called spiritual manifestations would help me but little. I found the average so-called manifestation innane and absurd. The *messages* purporting to come from spirits through professional (supposedly well trained and expert) mediums were childish prattle, compared with the messages which I heard or otherwise received from *within* and *without*, independent of any considerable preparation on my part. The demonstrations of *automatic writing* (or unconscious writing) were on a par with the spirit messages usually given as proof that the spirits, or souls, of the departed retain certain knowledge and can communicate with those here. The few books and papers I read upon the subject of spiritualism convinced me that the authors based their claims entirely upon such twaddle as I had received in over one hundred seance rooms from possibly seventy-five different *mediums*. The theories exploited by the books and papers, like the theories offered by the *mediums*, were much like the theories offered by the authors of modern books on chemistry and physics, which I had completely cast aside and no longer thought of consulting.

That it may be known that I did not lightly cast aside the possible proofs to be found through *spiritualism*, let it be known that soon after my start into that field I became a member of the Psychic Investigation League of New York composed of men and women of all walks of life who were trying to find proof and not consolation or mysterious "doings." This League had no theories and was not biased. It asked for demonstrations under conditions to be agreed upon by the members and each *medium* to be tested. Meetings were held weekly in large and small halls, in churches, in homes and even in so-called *haunted houses*. In the second year I was elected its President — a young man of only twenty, while most of the members were from forty to seventy years of age — because I had been able in the year preceding to point out to the physicians and scientists present, many principles which they overlooked, and I had likewise used my *prophetic abilities* in predicting

what would occur at times at the seances and thereby proved that the mind, independent of a medium or a definite "spirit" could receive impressions from *within* and *without* the human consciousness. For two years I was president of this body, and the following year a number of scientists and physicians as well as prominent lay-persons organized the New York Institute for Psychical Research. I was elected President of this, and its work continued along similar lines to that of the League, only more profound and with greater analysis and research, and had much to do with the exposé and elimination from New York of over fifty fraudulent and criminal mediums, the exposés being conducted in connection with the New York Police Department and the *New York World*.

For these reasons I feel that I have some right to say that if all the mediums consulted and tested, including the famous Margaret Gaul and those constantly referred to in books on spiritualism and psychic phenomena, could not cast any light on the problems I had, *then spiritualism and its theories and phenomena were useless to me, even as a religion.* So it, too, like the sciences, were cast aside.

Then came the period of study of the mind. I began again with some of Thomas Jay Hudson's theories, but again cast them aside and found much food in a book entitled, "Thinking, Feeling and Doing," written by a professor of Yale University. This book lead me into the field of *applied psychology*, and then into general psychology. Page after page of some large and ponderous books I looked at on the shelves of a few book stores, but never did I see a single paragraph that touched upon the points I wished illuminated. I admit, that had anyone asked me at such times what those *points* were, I would not have been able to define or even classify them. (One can understand how much in the dark I was working, when I explain that one of the points I then sought in chemistry, then physics, and then in psychology, I later worked out and demonstrated in my own private wireless telegraph laboratory with instruments purposely designed and made by me to prove and make visible the transmission of vibrations to attuned

or *selected receivers.)* In the year 1904 when my first son Ralph was born, I had a wireless outfit operating in my home.

Finally in 1906 I was through with books and theories. My disgust for such books and theories included the authors who wrote them and the schools or colleges which they represented. *Those who have been associated with me in the Order Rosæ Crucis for the past three years know how that disgust for the modern methods of teaching the sciences and the propounding of nature's fundamental laws has proven itself well founded, and I am glad to say that the work of our Order is doing much to bring this great fallacy of education before thousands of brilliant minds and has already laid the foundation for a new and perfect system of education in America.*

For a year — 1906 to 1907 — I did little but ponder over certain principles which gradually formed in my consciousness. All this time I had continued my almost daily sessions of meditations and attunement with some Cosmic influx which brought with it greater understanding. *I continually found that such information as I received — generally of a semi-scientific and religious nature — had the ear-marks, so to speak, of a definite personality, and the mannerisms of this personality were consistent.* I never asked a question, nor even the thought of a question. I did not seem to realize that this might have been of help. I only realized one thing: that when I was in the relaxation of such periods I felt peaceful, calm and contented and that when I returned to tense consciousness again, I had an impression of having been told or in *some way* informed — of certain facts, laws and principles pertaining to God and nature. These facts, laws and principles were not connected; they were vague and did not form the basis of any philosophy or system; but they were, clearly, contrary to what was being taught by the various schools of scientific subjects. I would at once recall that I *knew* differently, because I had been *told* sometime the truth in that regard. It was in this way that most of the facts, acquired in my periods of meditation, were brought to light or rather to my objective consciousness — by finding them challenged by modern science.

As may be seen from the foregoing, I did not have any theory of my own, nor did I attempt to outline any theory as to *how* and *why* I came to receive such unusual knowledge or be permitted to become attuned with some occult source of information and understanding. Just about the close of 1907, I believe, someone told me of the theory of *reincarnation.* I explained my problem, and at once a solution was offered. My information came from my mind and my mind had been in the body of one or possibly two other men who in the past had been scientists of the old school, possibly of a mystical order or fraternity, etc. etc. This solution I soon rejected, for it did not take into consideration the *peace,* the contentment and the peculiar sacred and *religious attunement* I felt keenly while in the periods of meditation. But there was one point revealed in the discussion I had regarding the theory and its relation to my problem, which makes me feel very grateful to the dear old lady who tried her very best to have me accept her explanation. In questioning her as to what mystical or scientific sect or fraternity she thought the previous incarnation might have belonged, she mentioned the name of the Rosicrucians *of Egypt.* I remember distinctly that in the many days which followed its first mention she never spoke of the Rosicrucians as having been anywhere else than in Egypt, despite the fact that all references I could find regarding such a sect spoke of its existence in Germany only.

From thence on, my various researches centered around the teachings of the old mystics, with little avail. Constant references to the Rosicrucians simply veiled what they knew or taught. I never read, or even looked into a few public books purporting to be the secrets of the Rosicrucians, realizing that such books *must be* unreliable. *And so the year 1908 came to a close with my mind centered upon one determination: to find what the old mystics taught and if they knew the true laws of God and nature as I seemed to know in fragments.*

It was this one great desire, a single ambition, wholly unselfish, clean, noble and always associated with a sense of sacredness, of

Divine Privilege and Holy Inspiration, which dominated my life and my actions at that time, and who can say that it has not affected, if not dominated, my whole life thus far spent on this earth, and perhaps in time to come?

PART THREE

Now I come to the point which will be of greatest interest to the few advanced members of the Order Rosæ Crucis who will be permitted to read this *confession;* I trust, however, that even these few will not fail to find in the preceding pages much illumination and considerable regard for all that I had to meet and contend with in reaching the point where I could have my great desire materialized.*

It was in the spring of 1908 — I wish I could remember the exact date, for it is very important — it occurred to me that I should go again to the old Church, the Metropolitan Temple, on Seventh Avenue, where I had gone so many times before, and once more sit there in silent meditation, as had been my custom. I could find no definite reason for this impulse and even tried to reason against it. But I did go on an Easter Sunday to hear the Easter music and carols, a feature of the Easter service in which I always took part in the days of old when I was one of the robed choir boys. The environment, the music, the familiar faces I saw awakened in me the old interest in the Church, although I had not been in it for six or seven years. It was like finding the old homestead of one's youth, calling to the heart and offering a royal welcome. Understand, it was not the religious feature of the service that appealed to me then, or even in the past. It was the more subtle influence of the sacred vibrations I felt within the walls of the place. To me *that* Church was a spiritual home where I could find Cosmic or Divine communication and attunement, independent of any service or any ceremony. All the emotions of my nature were affected in the quiet of that old Church and there I loved to sit in silence.

And so it came about that on a Thursday afternoon, following the Easter service, I went to the old Church again, leaving my

*Even today when the membership is many times larger than it was when this confession was written, only a few will be permitted to read it.

business in time to be there about 4:30. Thursday was not intentionally selected as the day, for I had tried since the Tuesday of that week to get away from business, and it was not until Thursday that I succeeded in being able to have that much time to myself in the afternoon.

I remember well what occurred, and it is so important that I will carefully state each fact in its proper order, and without comment, that others may judge of the cause and effects of each incident uninfluenced by what I believe.

I entered the Chapel as usual and then through a small side door into the rear of the body of the Church. Reverently, yet without ceremony, I walked to the centre aisle and up that aisle to about the centre of the Church and then entered a pew at my right hand side. There was no one else in the Church nor had I met any one in the Chapel. This was not unusual at that time of the day. The flowers and decorations used for the Easter service had been removed, except the wire framework for a large Cross which had stood and was still standing in the centre of the Altar platform, about ten feet behind the Altar.

The framework of this Cross had been covered with green moss, the Lillies had been put into the moss on Easter Sunday. Now the Cross was simply green, the flowers having been taken away. The Cross was about ten feet high, and from where I sat in my pew this Thursday afternoon the Altar concealed only the lower part of the green Cross.

Naturally, my gaze centered upon the Cross as I began my period of meditation, and very probably I speculated upon the forlorn appearance of the Cross *now*, whereas it had been a wonderful picture at the Easter service. But I do know, and remember well, that as I looked at the Cross and its significance, there came to me the fact that the Cross was one of the symbols of the Rosicrucians; and again I found myself centering my thoughts on that strange sect and its existence, teachings, etc.

As intimated, I did not come to the Church to meditate on the subject of the Rosicrucians, but simply to find again that old and

deeply appreciated peace, contentment and divine attunement. True, the subject of the Rosicrucians or similar mystical sects had been on my mind practically every day for over a year, but I seemed to be objectively free from that thought when I entered the Church. The Cross, however, brought the subject to my consciousness again, and I must have lost all objective consciousness of everything else, entering into a quiet, peaceful, subjective condition, with no other thought in mind except that regarding the Rosicrucians. There was little light in the Church — only that which came through the stained glass of the memorial window, dedicated to my former friend, the assistant Pastor. There was absolute quietness and profound vibrations of sacredness, and I slowly closed my eyes and then . . .

I heard a voice, clearly and distinctly, not from within me, but from without. Even as I write this my entire nervous system is affected, emotionally, for I can easily hear that sound when the first word was spoken; it was *"Peace!"* Often have I heard that word spoken since then, and many times have I tried to imitate the manner in which it was spoken then, but it seems impossible to imitate. It was a command; there was no mistaking that. It was said kindly, softly, and yet so significantly, that I knew it meant I should not move, I should not be disturbed or perturbed, that I should not even arouse myself from the position I was in. Yet, I opened my eyes, not in a startled manner, for I was not *startled*, but exceedingly calm. At first I saw no one, or no thing. I looked at the Cross, and while it appeared no differently than before, I did detect that between me and the Cross there was a faint mist — that I was looking at the Cross through some sort of mist. Then I tried to gaze upon the mist and not at the Cross, and as I concentrated on the whiteness of the mist it seemed to become more dense, and I realized that the misty substance was but two or three feet in front of my own body. Continuing to gaze *at* it and not *through* it, I saw that it had a form — that there was an edge to the mist, a definite edge, and tracing this edge around and to each side I saw it made loose garments. A feeling of dizziness came over me, and I closed my eyes. In darkness again, I thought of what I had seen,

and in a few seconds opened my eyes again to find the figure more dense in whiteness, though in a slightly different position and nearer to me.

An arm reached out and a hand pointed toward the Altar and I looked again past the misty figure (not through it this time) and saw that the Cross looked a little more yellow than green, as though the moss was drying and losing its color. I concentrated on the Cross, not because I had any purpose in mind, but simply because it *attracted* me, and slowly the green color faded and in its place came a bright golden-rod color, until the Cross looked like Gold. Then, with my eyes still wondering, but in no way doubting, the center became more red until it was as bright as a large rose and seemed to have the modeling of a rose; I took it for a Rose and then realized for the first time that I was gazing at the Rosey Cross — *the Cross I had never seen before, but had read about.* Slowly I brought my gaze back to the figure before me, and this time it was more intense or rather more opaque.

I gazed into the face of the figure. It was indistinct, but I saw that there was long white or light hair and a long light colored beard. I judged the hair to be white or light, because it was whiter than the face or the neck and almost as white mist; yet all of the figure was of a white or light mist like a thick, white smoke.

Again words came from the lips of the figure, and I could see the lips move and the eyes twinkle. I will not attempt to quote what was said, for I cannot remember the exact words. I wish that I could; they were kindly said, and in language as Divine and beautiful as the most wonderful phrases in the Holy Bible. They impressed me as coming from a Holy, Infinite Mind, and I listened with a feeling of respect and appreciation, but not awed or perplexed.

What was said to me, in substance was this: If I wished to know more of the Rosicrucians and their teachings, I must prepare for an initiation into the fraternity which had an exoteric body immortal; *that for several years I had been a dweller on the threshold of the fraternity or its immaterial temple*, but had failed

to use sufficient determination to *cross the threshold*, and, therefore, was no further advanced than my own determination had taken me; that I would find naught about the fraternity in any book or paper, for its secrets had never been published and would not be published; that I must find illumination from within and not from without; *that he who spoke to me was an AMORCUS of the ancient fraternity and had been selected to be my guide; until I was prepared to cross the threshold* and continue alone; *that the exoteric body of the fraternity no longer existed in America*, and had not existed for the past 101 years; that each exoteric body existed for only 108 years and that not until 1915 would the new body come into existence and that it would then be the *only exoteric body on the western face of the earth;* and that while I was being prepared for my initiation therein, the exoteric body was being conceived and matured for its advent into the material world; that I should devote every Thursday evening to attunement for guidance; that the next exoteric body of the fraternity would be in France, or was still there, or something of this kind.

There was probably considerably more said, and perhaps some of what I have written in the above paragraph was not said at that time or even said by this personality; but these facts did come to me either at that time through the speech made or the following Thursday night's period of meditation when I heard a voice speaking in my home but saw no figure.

(CONTINUED IN MANIFESTO III)

AVERMENT

Standing in the presence of the God of my Heart and ever mindful of the Terror of the Threshold, I do solemnly affirm that I have carefully read and meditated upon the contents of this manifesto. I further affirm that at the supreme moment when I was conscious of the spiritual surge within my being that enthralled and caused me to ascend in consciousness above and beyond my mortal and physical environment, and when I was also aware of the invisible presence of the Cosmic Hosts, I did affix my signature below and record the hour, day, month and year of this Cosmic experience. I do also solemnly avouch by these same sacred tokens that I have permitted no other eyes but mine to peruse the contents of this manifesto.

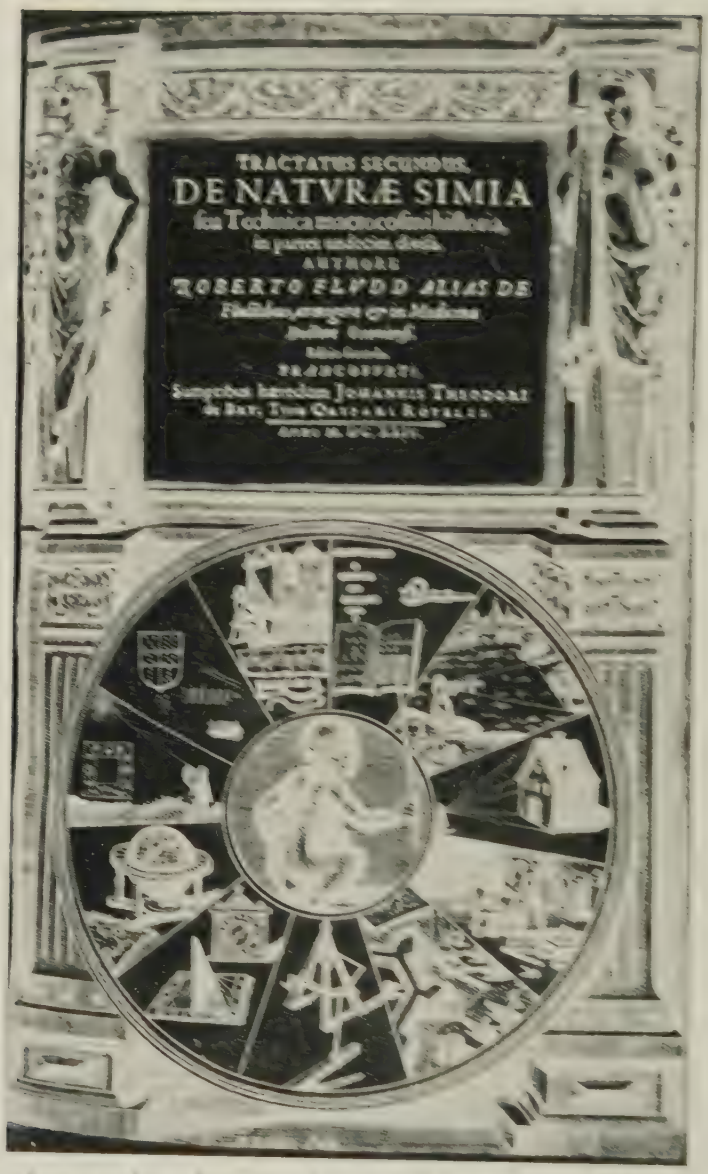
Name *Time* *Day* *Month* *Year*

CONFESSIO
R.·. C.·.
FRATERNITATIS

Prepared by
BRO. PROFUNDIS
1918

ISSUED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF THE
IMPERATOR
ANCIENT MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
S.·. S.·. S.·.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

MANIFESTO III



The above is the title page of a very old and remarkable book concerning the sciences of the microcosm and macrocosm, worlds written by the eminent Dr. Robert Fludd (1574-1637) English physician, Rosicrucian Master and mystical philosopher. The similarity of his doctrines concerning matter, mind, and soul to the subjects taught in present Rosicrucian monographs is remarkable, the only difference being in the advancement made since his time, and which changes appear in our present day teachings. As most Rosicrucians, Frater Robert Fludd was an ardent student of the work and writings of Paracelsus. Original books by Frater Fludd are treasured possessions in the archives of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC.

Now, my Brothers and Sisters, I fully realize that what I have written in the last few paragraphs is decidedly difficult to understand, and to those who do not know me or our work, it may well sound like either the ravings of a mad mind or the fiction of a clever brain. But because it is neither of these, and likely to be rejected, has forced me to withhold the TRUTH and in its place present a different version of my first introduction to the Order Rosæ Crucis. Read on and realize, if you can, what it has meant to me to know and always have impressed upon my mind that the real facts and TRUTH must be veiled and the FICTION exploited because fiction seemed more plausible than truth. *I who had become disgusted with the fiction theories of scientists, when most desiring the truth, now understand why TRUTH MAKES US FREE ONLY WHEN UNTRUTH HAS EXHAUSTED ITS POWER TO ENSLAVE US.**

PART FOUR

Throughout the year 1908 and into the Spring of 1909 I continued my experiments each Thursday night in the quiet of a sanctum in my home. My home I had moved to various parts of the city since 1903 in which year I married my first wife while enjoying a prosperous business career as an artist, and always had I set aside one room or a part of a room for my place of meditation, and the beautiful experience to be realized through this practice has lead me to speak often to our Brothers and Sisters regarding the value, if not necessity, of some little sanctum in one's home.

*As has been previously explained, the early history of the Order for this Jurisdiction, prepared for public reading, had to veil many facts which now can be told in these private manifestoes.

The result of my Thursday night sessions brought forth much illumination and encouragement. *I learned gradually, that whereas one personality did dominate the conversations and experiences in which I indulged so freely, there were other personalities in the background, so to speak, to whom my more intimate personality would speak at times or cause them to speak to me.* And so it came that I realized that at most, if not all, of these sessions there were present *Seven Master Minds*, each of which spoke to me at times, each having a very distinct personality and trend of knowledge on material and spiritual subjects, yet never succeeding in stepping beyond the limitations of conversation or revelation imposed by the one dominating personality. This dominating personality I recognized as being of a superior intellect, reserved and careful in speech, dignified, divinely attuned and quite used to receiving homage and obedience. Yet this as well as the other personalities seemed to be a part of my own self of years gone by.

I could not explain this combination of personalities *within* and *without* my own existence or mind, and it was not until recently, during some of our now well valued Third Degree experiments in the Supreme Grand Lodge of our Order, that I found or received an explanation which is at least more logical, more plausible and more *demonstrative of proof* than any explanation which other schools offer for the existence of such multiple personalities as these.

It appears then — and this must some day be proven — that each of these quite distinct personalities are previous incarnations of my present soul and mind; that in the recesses of the mind, which is perpetual and constant with the soul in all its incarnations, there are niches or chambers wherein is stored and ever preserved the personal entity of each incarnation's conscious existence. In that regard I rather conceive of the Soul as being like unto the planisphere, used by astrologers for making their natal maps, having twelve divisions or houses. Thus, the soul may have twelve such chambers, each chamber representing a possible incarnation of the soul wherein is recorded, and immortally preserved, the memory "storehouse" of each incarnated personality. There-

fore the mind of man *in each incarnation* is a cumulative mind, a resultant of the addition or combination of all past personality minds. In my own case, since there were but seven previous phases of the soul, or, in other words, seven chambers in the cycle of the soul already complete, and my present personality or conscious existence making for the completion of the eighth. There are good reasons for believing that there are only twelve such chambers in the soul's cycle, and this, of course, would indicate that each soul must pass through twelve incarnations before it can attain that perfection for which it is placed into the cycle of evolution by the Supreme Mind. What follows then, or what that perfection may be or its purpose, are questions which I trust will be answered some day, as have so many other and more perplexing questions.

It would also appear that the mind or personality of the last incarnation preceding the present one is that which dominates the others when the present ego submits itself to a plane or condition on, or in, which the personalities of the various incarnations are mutually attuned and inter-communicative. Experiments have shown that at times the various personalities of the memory chambers may strive for individual dominance — much as personalities in various beings at the present time may strive for domination; and if we compare these periods of mutual attunement and inter-communication while one personality is conducting the psychic convocation to a modern convention of men and minds, assembled in a place to discuss the pros and cons of various related subjects, under the leadership of a *chairman*, we will not be surprised at the fact that when some important point is being discussed or considered by these personalities, one or two of them may take issue, and seek to present more forcibly or more *understandingly* the facts which they *know* from experience.

And so I have found it — and our various experiments have demonstrated, that the dominating subjective personality may submit at times to the temporary occupation of the "speaker's chair" by one of his colleagues in this psychic college; and at other times one of the personalities, in the intensity of argument and with the

desire of insuring the utmost correctness or clarity on some point, may overrule the standards of decorum, and with sudden psychic force dominate not only the psychic chairman of the convention, but even control the complete mind and body of the ego, within whose aura all this is taking place.

It was not my intention to enter into a long explanation of *how* and *why* I was able to secure from *within* such information as I did secure during the many Thursday night sessions beginning in the Spring of 1908 and continuing up and into the month of July, 1909. But it was through the operation of those laws which make possible such psychic conventions of previous personalities, that I was enabled to learn that, eventually, I must go to France, if I would enter the Temples of the Order Rosæ Crucis or even go one step further than the very Threshold.

Two points remained uppermost in my mind; they were given to me by the great soul which appeared to me in the Church in the Spring of 1908: *first, that there was no exoteric body of the Order then in existence in America, had not been for 101 years and would not be until 1915; secondly, that the last Order existing in an exoteric body was in France.*

In the Spring of 1909, then, I became obsessed with the idea, the desire, of journeying to France and trying to locate there, somewhere, perhaps under the guidance of the dominating psychic personality within me, some of the many subtle revelations; that the Order could not have existed in France for 108 years without having left its material as well as spiritual or psychic results and influences; and that some must live who remember the stories or experiences of their grandparents, at least. I did not understand the many principles of the rebirth of the Order in different lands in different periods, as I now understand it.

My interest in books that were old and rare lead me to preserve the catalogues of old book sellers, and among these was one issued by an antiquarian in Paris, France. To him I wrote one day, asking if he knew of the Order Rosæ Crucis. His reply and what came of my inquiry has already been told and published in

the American Rosæ Crucis for the month of May, 1916. A business opportunity enabled me to go to France, in July of 1909, and having considerable time in which to look after a few matters in various cities, I was further enabled to visit various cities, towns and sections of France, without limitation as to time or expense. Such an unusual opportunity, with its rare combination of privileges, seldom comes to a young man, and it was the great opportunity for the Order likewise.

But, while the story in our magazine just referred to is essentially true in every detail, even unto the end, the purpose of this Confession is to explain what was not explained in that story and to add those details which are necessary to make it complete, or in other words, to make it consist of the whole truth rather than partially so.

Know, then, each who is privileged to read this Confessio, that from the very moment I began my search for the Order in France, I was suspected by those of whom I made inquiries of being interested in fathoming one of the mysteries of the Masonic Fraternity of France. It is not quite clear to me even now, and perhaps never will be; and of course at the time I did not know that such was the case. But it seems that in France, the remnants of the old Order Rosæ Crucis were absorbed by some division of the Masonic Fraternity in France; the absorption being an arbitrary matter, without legal right or authority. Furthermore, it appears from all that I can learn, that there are several — surely more than two — kinds or forms of Masonry in that country, each of which has little or nothing to do with the others and probably only one form having the recognition of the English and American Masonic Craft. I do not pretend to know how all this may be; it concerns me very little; but it was this condition of affairs in that country, and the fact that Americans before me had tried to learn *what was what* of French Masonry, that made my intense interest in the "Rose Croix" seem suspicious; for, lo! it seems that many of the higher degrees of the Masonic rites in America were taken from or based upon various secret rites, first used in France (among them being the rites of the various *Lodges of Per-*

fection of France, and the Rose Croix of France, which constitutes the 18th degree of American and English Masonry), and that branch of French Masonry which had overstepped its powers in laying claim to all that was left of the Order Rosæ Crucis, was fearful that an American, representing some form of Masonry in America, was trying to take from it some of its holdings to add to the rites in America.

My old book dealer, to whom I directed my first inquiry in Paris, was an officer of that branch of French Masonry, which was jealously, and wrongly, holding to all of the material possessions of the Order Rosæ Crucis, such as old manuscripts, (in the form of records, *not teachings*), antique Lodge accessories from some old R. C. Temples now in ruins, jewels, seals, etc. Whether they possessed any of the rituals, I have not been able to learn.

In approaching this book dealer, I approached the worst possible informant if I had desired to keep my mission secret or if my purpose had been as he suspected. But his suspicions and his desire to test me and to have me tested by others, caused him to direct me to the very men who could tell me just what I wanted to know. Therefore, I have always felt that I was truly guided by my Masters in going to the one man whom others would have avoided.

And so it came about, that after being watched to see whether I was in communication by mail or telegraph with any group or individual in America, I was permitted to call upon the old man in the tower in Toulouse. To him had been sent my name, description, birth date, etc., for he was really the Archivist not only of what was left of the Order Rosæ Crucis, but of this small group of French Free-masons, who suspected me of having ulterior motives. My interview with him and its results were essentially as I have given them in the magazine account, already referred to. And, it was through my inquiry of him as to who might be found that could remember, having parents belonging to the original Order, that I was directed to go to the old Chateau outside of Toulouse and there receive my induction into the old Order Rosæ Crucis.

PART FIVE

Those who have carefully read the account of my entrance into the Order as published in the magazine, will remember that no details are given of the Initiation. Much is inferred, but nothing definite is stated. I refrained from making any definite statements in that account on this point, and have consistently refrained from doing so in any conversations on that subject. *But now it is necessary that the facts should be made very plain.*

The Chateau to which I was directed is still located on a hill near old Tolosa. The sketch used in the magazine story is much like the place, and I have shown a photograph to some, which was taken on the spot and will enable anyone to find the old Chateau. It is well known to all the taxi-carriage drivers who make tours out of Toulouse. The Chateau was originally owned by the family of Count Raymond VI, of Toulouse, and was one of the dozen or more which were taken from him by the Papal Legates to hold as security against his further activities in behalf of the heretics, when he was officially ex-communicated by the Legates of Pope Innocent IV.

It is a picturesque old stone building, with a large court, and all its floors and stairs are of stone. Upon reaching the place, I found that the man to whom I had been directed lived there. His correct name is Raynaud E. de Bellcastle-Ligne.

I found that he was not simply care-taker of the place, but had some personal interest in the place, and with him lived his wife and a daughter. Their living rooms occupied but a small part of the old building and on the upper floor I was shown the remains of an old Rosæcrucian Lodge room, now dusty and musty, unused for over sixty years, though up to 1890 often visited by French Masons and others who knew of it.

The old man, in his seventy eighth year, was the son of the last Master that conducted a Rosæcrucian Lodge in that locality,

and he was not sure whether his father had ever conducted a Lodge in any other Lodge room or not. But he had been engaged by the present owners of the Chateau to look after the property for the past twenty years and the French Masons who claimed an interest in the Rosæcrucian powers now, directed him (one of their old Brothers) to preserve the Lodge rooms intact (for what purpose and reason we knew not, since no effort was being made to prevent rain and other elements from damaging the walks and contents rapidly).

With me on this trip to the Chateau I had taken an interpreter, a young French man, supplied to me by a school of languages in Toulouse, which, I think, was a branch of our own American Berlitz School of Languages. He spoke enough English to enable me to find the Chateau, and make myself known to the old people living there. But the old Brother could speak better English than the interpreter and this delighted me. He had been a Secretary for some foreign Minister or Legate at Paris during the years 1860 to 1871. Therefore, during the entire period of my conversation with the old man, my interpreter sat in the centre court yard, drinking the wine made on the estate, and caring for little else than the ease and delight which this visit gave him.

Bellcastle-Ligne and his family had some royal titles in addition to that of Count, and despite his age and reduced financial circumstances, he retained his excellent military bearing and noble dignity; but with all, he and his wife and daughter extended to me that hospitality and extremely courteous treatment which makes one feel that the days of sunny Languedoc have not lost their power or their charm.

I have gone into this detail regarding the place and the man, because I have learned that he has since passed away, and his wife also, I believe; and his daughter, a widow, has become interested in some phase of war work and has left the vicinity of Toulouse. The old Chateau remains, however, and when our American party of Rosæcrucians visit France, we will go to the old building and spend much time with such ceremonies there as are befitting.

As soon as the Count heard my story, and had questioned me closely regarding the many psychic sessions I had in America, and had learned what information had been given me thereby, he agreed that should I be the one who was to again take up the work and bring it to America, it would be necessary for me to *Cross the Threshold.* This constant reference to "Crossing the Threshold" aroused a considerable interest in me, yet I had no idea as to what it meant. He plainly and significantly asked me several times, before we ventured to the upper floors of the building, if I was sure I would have no fear of the *Terror of the Threshold.* I convinced him that nothing, that I could conceive of, could have any terror for me. He smilingly asked whether I might not fear that which I could not (at that time) conceive of; whether there might not be something beyond my comprehension which could strike terror to my heart, mind and soul. Naturally, I tried to imagine what such a terror or its cause could be; bodily harm I did not fear, and I could recall no event in my past life, that might give me concern regarding my soul. I was ready to be plunged into an abyss spiritually or physically. After my many days of searching and meeting with trying obstacles and veiled warnings, I was prepared, in every cell of my body, for any sacrifice that might be demanded.

The building was old enough and strange enough to suggest almost any weird possibility. In passing to the upper floor, he pointed out to me the several stone secret chambers, used during the feudal days as hiding places or dungeons. There were dark and gloomy corners and niches, narrow secret passageways, leading to underground tunnels for escape to the nearby hills, and there was an old well in the floor of the one dark chamber, into which bodies had been plunged to suffocate and starve during the reign of terror conducted by the Papal Legates. But not one of these things aroused in me more than a great desire to go on and meet that Terror at the Threshold which I felt was more terrifying than any of these physical torments, which grew more significant every minute.

Finally, we reached the upper floor, and he paused before an old iron door and said: "This leads to the first Chamber and through it you enter a second, where the Terror for years presented itself. If the Terror failed to paralyze your heart and body, and your soul could meet the test and trial, you were permitted to Cross the Threshold into the Temple — the third Chamber beyond. *There are no ceremonies here now, and no one to conduct you through the rooms as of old, so perhaps you would like to go through these Chambers alone — alone with God and — your Master*, and then into the Temple where a ceremony will be conducted."

After a few minutes had passed, I arose to my feet and saw in one corner a bright light shaping itself into some form with a faint bluish haze about it. It seemed to be about two feet in diameter, but size is deceptive in such cases, and I am sure now that the light was not more than twelve inches. It was about three feet from the floor and slowly grew more intense. Many of our Brothers and Sisters have seen a similar Light in our Lodge room in New York during some special experiments.

After a few minutes, the Light elongated until it touched the floor and was almost to the ceiling. Its centre became more transparent until it finally had the appearance of a large aura with a void in the centre. Into this space appeared a figure and at once I recognized the same wonderful mystic figure which had appeared to me in the Church in the Spring of 1908.

He — the mystic Master — motioned for me to face toward his right, and, as I did so, I saw, faintly, the outline of another door. Then he spoke one word: "Enter!" It was said kindly, but commandingly. The door opened and creaked with its rusty hinges and I entered into another, as cold and musty smelling as the first, and seemingly darker. The figure was behind me and though I could not see it, I felt it was following me. Then I heard the door closing back of me, and I faced in various directions searching for any sight that might be revealed.

I found then that the mystic figure was once again in the form of a slowly dissolving ball of blue Light. When it had condensed

to a glow of about the size of an orange, it rose toward the ceiling in one corner and shot forth a beam of white light, like a search-light ray. I turned to see what effect that beam of Light had upon the opposite wall, and there I beheld the great and beautiful symbol — the Rosey Cross, in beautiful Gold, standing on the flooring and rising to a height of about six feet. In its center was a red rose. The beam of Light just illuminated the Cross, without showing the wall or any of the floor or ceiling.

Gradually I became conscious of a haze forming on the right side of the CROSS and it seemed to form itself into a small figure draped white; it pointed one very transparent hand and arm toward me and then faded before I could understand. Then to the left of the Cross another haze was forming, but its color was dark — like a very dark red. It formed into a figure, also, though no face or arms could be seen. With my realization came a cold wave in the atmosphere of the room and a mental impression came to me of warning — dire and terrible! I felt a great relief when this figure passed away and then, as the Cross became invisible by a fading of the beam of light which illuminated it, another door opened and I saw within a large room, faintly lighted by little rays of sunlight which shot through the cracks of the tightly closed old-fashioned shutters of the windows. I slowly started to leave the small Chamber and enter the larger room, when I was repulsed by some strange force and made to hesitate. This may have been a mental rather than a physical impression, but I halted expecting some word, for not one word had been spoken in that Chamber. Then I noticed that the door-way through which I wished to pass became illuminated at its two sides and top and bottom with a white haze, and through this oblong aura I was impressed to walk. *My steps were easy, my journey happy, and accompanied with an inner joy and sense of sacredness which told me plainly that I had Crossed the Thresholds.*

After entering the larger room, which I learned was the old Temple or Lodge Room, I found that the old Count was standing near a door at the rear. He came toward me and explained that so many of the appurtenances of the original Lodge had been re-

moved that it would be impossible for me to go through the regular form of ceremony there. So he walked with me from "station" to "station" and explained some points, but never alluded to what I had just passed through. He seemed to take it for granted that I had crossed the threshold and accepted me as a Neophyte prepared for further instruction or Initiation.

I saw the remains of an altar in an alcove in what was the "East," and there was another triangular altar in the centre of the Temple upon a marble platform, approached by three steps. There were a few old cathedral chairs in certain places of the room and in the *West* between the two doors (through one of which I had entered and through the other he had entered) was a large chair with draperies behind it; and directly in front of the chair was a marble pedestal. I need not detail the descriptions or explanations given me by the Count, for all our members are now familiar with the equipment of our Temples. As soon as I had seen each place and point, he escorted me to the exit door in the West and ushered me into another room which appeared to be a forsaken lounging room and in which were an old bed of the 17th century, old chairs, cabinets and what-nots. Each was a masterpiece of antique furniture and each was covered with dust and mold. Later I remarked about this furniture and the Count explained it was stored there to keep out of the way. He said it could be purchased for practically nothing, if it could be taken away from there. I know that such pieces of furniture would have been greatly valued in America, and some day I hope that some of our Brothers and Sisters will find a way of getting from the old Chateau d'Issus some of those pieces with interesting histories and bring them to our American Temples.

(CONTINUED IN MANIFESTO IV)

AVERMENT

Standing in the presence of the God of my Heart and ever mindful of the Terror of the Threshold, I do solemnly affirm that I have carefully read and meditated upon the contents of this manifesto. I further affirm that at the supreme moment when I was conscious of the spiritual surge within my being that enthralled and caused me to ascend in consciousness above and beyond my mortal and physical environment, and when I was also aware of the invisible presence of the Cosmic Hosts, I did affix my signature below and record the hour, day, month and year of this Cosmic experience. I do also solemnly avouch by these same sacred tokens that I have permitted no other eyes but mine to peruse the contents of this manifesto.

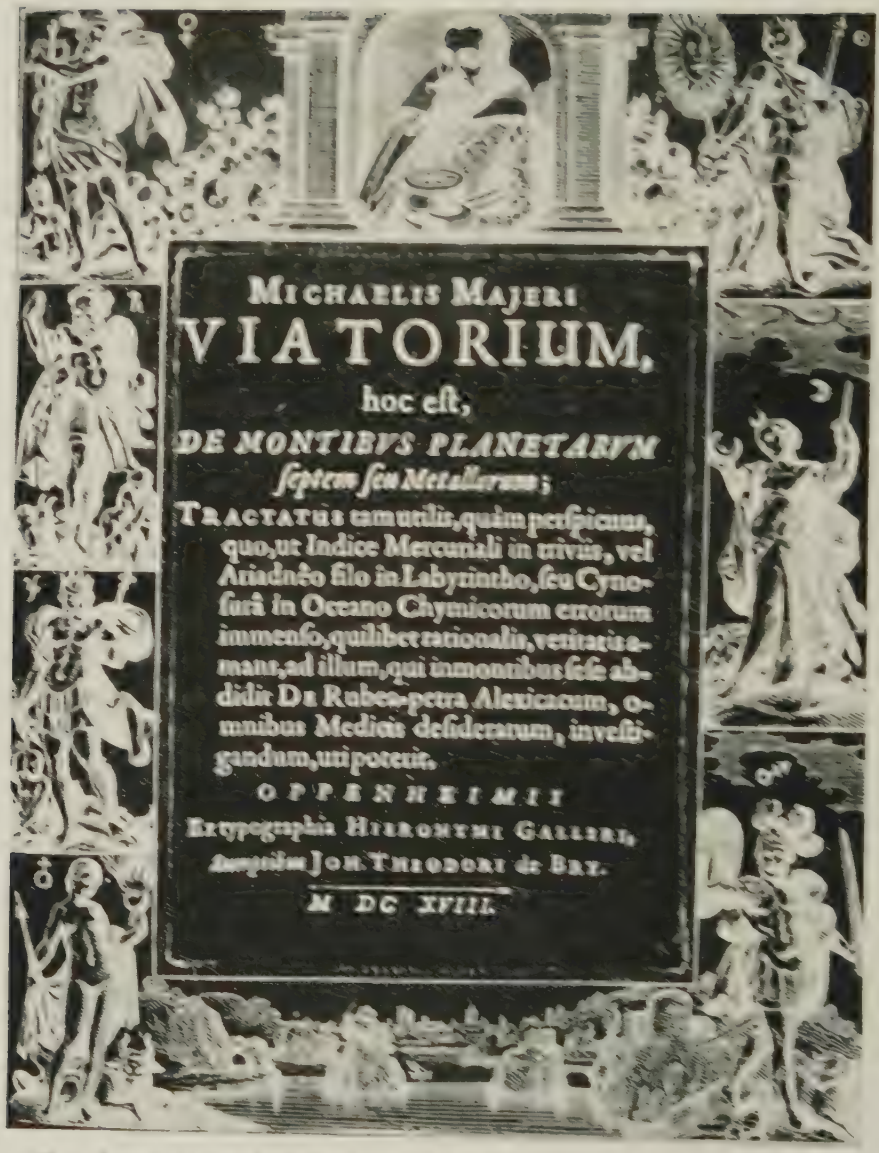
Name	*Time*	*Day*	*Month*	*Year*

CONFESSIO
R.·. C.·.
FRATERNITATIS

Prepared by
BRO. PROFUNDIS
1918

ISSUED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF THE
IMPERATOR
ANCIENT MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
S.·. S.·. S.·.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

MANIFESTO IV


MICHAELIS MAJERI
VIATORIUM,
hoc est,
DE MONTIBVS PLANETARVM
septem seu Metallorum;
TRACTATUS tam utilis, quàm perspicuus,
quo, ut Indice Mercuriali in trivio, vel
Ariadnæo filo in Labyrintho, seu Cynosurâ in Oceano Chymicorum errorum
immenso, quilibet rationalis, veritatis amans, ad illum, qui in montibus sese abdidit De Rubea petra Alexicacum, omnibus Medicis desideratum, investigandum, uti potuerit.
OPPENHEIMII
Ex typographia HIERONYMI GALLERI,
Sumptibus JOH. THEODORI de BRY.
M DC XVIII.

The above is the title page of a work by the eminent Rosicrucian, Count Michael Maier. The work, as indicated, was published in 1618. Michael Maier was a Doctor of Philosophy, Medicine, and Alchemy. He was born in Rendsburg, about the year 1568. His ability attracted the attention of Emperor Rudolph II and he was appointed body physician to the Emperor. He was a prolific writer and there is a great number of Rosicrucian manuscripts and books credited to him, many of which are in existence and some of the complete originals are in the vaults of the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC

IN THIS old room, now used as a store room, was a large couch, or lounge, which the Count hurriedly dusted and assigned to me as a resting place, warning me that I might have to remain there for several hours waiting for others to come to meet me and aid in what was to take place. I asked him to dismiss the taxi-driver, who was waiting, take care of the interpreter, and I would be free to remain as he suggested. He advised that I sleep awhile, and left me there alone with the heavy wooden door ajar. I did go to "sleep," with thoughts of my experiences being carefully analyzed. I "slept" about three hours and awoke at approximately eight o'clock, with the sun low and red and making the room in which I was lying appear to be tinted with lights as through a cathedral window.

As I rose to my feet, a sudden conscious realization passed over my being and at once *I knew*. While I "slept," the Master — the one who had appeared to me in the first Chamber, had taken me through the First Degree Initiation again, assisted by other mystic figures and personalities, in the very Lodge Room I had just visited. But, for this mystic, psychic Initiation, the old Lodge Room had resumed its former appearance and completeness and was, in fact, as it was in the days of its greatest glory. I shall never forget that Initiation, and those who have been with me during the past three years, have often heard me recall the many points of equipment or fittings I saw then and there — though they never knew how I saw— and, after all, that matters little to them or to me.

I left the room and went downstairs, meeting the Count who heard me descending the old stone stairs. I simply stated that I believed I had passed through the ceremony in a "dreamy way," but could recall much of it. I asked if he knew that this was to be my experience and if any more were to follow. He was indefinite and evasive in his replies, but did ask that I go into the

large living room where I first met him. There I found three other men, old and dignified, quiet and mystical looking, but typical in all other ways of the old men of that country.

The Count explained that they were "neighbors" for whom he had sent my taxi-man while I "slept." Each, he explained, had parents in the Order Rosæ Crucis, or foreparents, who were members or officers, and he had asked them there to question me.

Through the Count I explained to them why I sought entrance into the old Order and why I desired, if possible, to establish the Order in America. They questioned me closely as to any selfish motive I might have, my determination, my realization of the obstacles, the dangers, the cost in time and worry, etc. *Affirming at every question that I cared not what it would cost me of time or labor, nor what danger I encountered,* they finally agreed to go with me into the old Lodge Room and one of the other men handed the Count an old wooden casket which he carried. From out of the Casket the Count took a Gold Cross with its Rose and suspended it about his neck. Then one of the men handed him a lamp — an old copper or bronze oil burner, in which there was some oil, and the Count lighted this and placed it before him on the broken altar.

I was directed to stand back about midway between the centre altar (the Shekinah) and the East (really in the centre of the Sanctum) and face the East. While standing thus, the Count slowly made the Sign of the Cross, just as I had seen it made by the mystic master in my dream-initiation, a few minutes before, and then he spoke as follows or as nearly so as I can now remember: *"Unto you is granted, so far as we the only remaining descendants of the Masters of this Temple can grant, the privilege of taking our glorious work to America, the land which every Frenchman loves and the Land Where The Eagle Spreads Its Wings, as decreed by the Masters of old."*

PART SIX

So much for the form of my initiation in its first part. All of this, or nearly all, has been understood by some of our American members for some time. The all-important part however, is that which pertains to the further instructions I received and the papers which were placed in my hands by this group of men.

After the ceremony, described on the preceding pages, I was permitted to look into an old note book which one of the men owned, and which he cherished so greatly that I could not induce him to part with it; I valued it at the time as a memento — as he did — but I now know that the book would have been of unusual value to me as a mark of evidence. It was bound in old leather, the binding having been taken from some old historical book, and the pages were closely written in French, with many attempts at decoration and lettering. On many pages there were designs and symbols, and, as was explained to me, the book contained the principles and laws of the Order as given by a Master in the Temple Lectures. In other words, the book was a member's "note book," much like those which are used by our own members today.

From this book I copied into a memo book I had with me, all the symbols and alphabets, the terms or marks used by officers, and many diagrams of temple ceremonies and principles. I asked some questions, and some points were explained to me, but I was constantly reminded that "in due time, you will understand everything." How often I have used this same phrase to our members! Some have been as patient as I tried to be, and some have not been. Those who have been patient, are about to be rewarded; the impatient ones will not receive their reward as seekers of Light, in *this* incarnation.

At about 9:30, I was directed to enter the large living room downstairs, and sit in consultation with the group, while they

examined an old trunk which had been brought into the centre of the room and was now being opened by Count Bellcastle-Ligne. I found that it contained several old robes and surplices, some symbolical aprons, a covering for an Altar, a "Rose Cloth" and many papers and records. As each was taken out and examined with reverence and great sincerity, the various pieces of attire were hung on me and I was shown their use, while with each draping certain signs were made and these in turn were pointed out to me in the notes I had made from the old note book. I was passing through the form of being invested with certain robes and symbols for the various degrees of the Order. Perhaps half an hour was utilized in this way, when those things were replaced in the trunk, and I was asked to be seated at the table and glance over certain papers and sign a few obligations at the bottom of sheets which were crowded with old, yellow and partly faded signatures.

The instructions I then received I will attempt to give here, in as near the words as I can remember them; most surely I make no mistake in the import or purpose of what was said, even if I do fail to use the exact words and signs.

The man who acted as Chairman of the meeting — and really assumed the Mastership of the ceremonies, was Lasalle. I met him twice after this occasion, and found him to be a very kindly and truly lovable mystic who seemed to be waiting for the Great Adventure — the Crossing of the Mundane Threshold. It was he who spoke in fair English — even better than did Bellcastle-Ligne.

"You have received all the instructions we can give you at this time. You will not consider yourself a fully initiated Brother of the Order until you have gone through certain other ceremonies in your own temple or sanctum in the future, for you must not — cannot — open the first Lodge of this Order in your country until the year 1915. Do not appear disappointed or anxious. You will have so much to do in the meantime, that the time will come only too soon. But, let me explain why the year 1915 is the great year for the resurrection of the Order.

"Ever since the Order survived the catastrophe which fell upon Egypt, the Order has been devoted to the evolution of human souls

and human politics. In every great crisis of people or nation, the Order has challenged the evil forces and has arrayed itself on the side of God and freedom — freedom from superstition, freedom from political slavery and freedom from mental bondage. In the days when Jesus, the Master of the East, suffered under the political rule, because He dared to point the way to Light, Life and Love, and was crucified on the very Cross He loved, the Order has quietly saved the people and the nations from the powers that darken the face of the Earth. Jesus was saved from an untimely death of His body by our Order, especially by the members of the Council, whose lives were pledged to His work. You may not know, but the man Jesus was rescued from the Tomb by these Brothers of the Order and Jesus lived for many years thereafter in secrecy and silence, meeting only the tried and tested ones, and directing the secret work of the Order and its several divisions until He was raised to the Higher Plane, later in life. The facts surrounding this event, you will receive later. It was our Order which again freed man from political bondage in this country, by its silent and secret preaching and teaching of the doctrine of LIGHT, whereby men and women in this country could become illuminated in science and religion, and free themselves from the hold of the Roman Catholic Church. Even the Jews from Palestine were invited to come here and unite with the liberty-loving, truth-seeking heretics, who formed the mystic groups, for which Toulouse and the South of France have been famous. Thousands of these loyal mystics lost their lives and sacrified their homes and worldly possessions then to make God's principles free to all.

"Then came the later crisis. Our Order has been accused of having started the French Revolution. This is true, if you say we caused it by instilling the principles of revolution in the process of evolution; for we had so affected several generations of men and women in this country, that when the time came and the enemy of freedom attacked liberty, millions were ready to sacrifice everything, that TRUTH might be FREE. We assisted in the same manner in your country at one time, and the day is soon at hand

when we shall assist Russia and other countries, where our principles have evolved so greatly in the past. But, what I intended to say was, that in the near future, your country will not only be engaged in assisting in a great strife for freedom, but will, itself, need assistance in combatting the great forces of evil and soul-slavery in America.

"No doubt you understand by this that our Order is pledged to combat the efforts of one great institution, which has for ages held the minds and souls of the masses in the grip of ignorance, fear and superstition. This is the Hierarchy of the . . . . . From the days when the Master Jesus was chained by the hands of the Roman bigots, our Order has been secretly and sacredly pledged to prepare man and woman for the hour, when the hand of evil reaches out in the name of God to stifle the soul and blunt the mind. This, too, will be your solemn duty, your obligation, and to which you must pledge your life and possessions and your every earthly act and power, before you may receive from our hands the final key, the last and lost word, the jewel and the blessings, without which you can do naught.

"And so, in the year 1915, while your country and your people, along with other peoples and other countries are at strife in warring combat, to stop the march of greed and evil power, your country will quietly enter the cycle of preparation for the coming greater battle in your own land. By the year 1920 your work, if performed according to the Law L. L. L..* will have reached a point where it will have Peace and Power of its own established in every division of your country, for so it is decreed in all the ancient papers, bearing upon the destinies of nations and peoples. Then — soon thereafter — will come the day of conflict within your country's boundaries, when the Sign of the Cross will be held aloft by the . . . . . under the rule of the King of Darkness, and it will be met and neutralized by the true Sign of the Cross, held in the hearts and minds of your Brothers and Sisters in every city and state. To your assistance will come our other Brothers of the

*Life, Light, Love.

Holy Craft of King Solomon, whose workmen have been laying the material stones upon which your esoteric structure can be builded.

"Naturally, you will suffer much, individually and collectively, before the day and hour of triumph comes. But these sorrows, these tests and trials will make your souls purer and stronger, and you, as the Builder of this Great temple of Human Souls, will meet great opposition, and must sacrifice the greater part of your life that truth may come.* Some time, when you least expect it, you will find in your country the place where the secret R. C. Stone was placed by our delegates, the "Monks of the Mount," and where, in the ruins of an old Temple, you will meet again face to face the Master, who has guided you here, and who has ever been your Master, preparing you for the task and the work you have so blindly come here to begin. Then, your own great illumination will come, as it has come to others in their thirty-fifth years, and you will know what LOVE is, what esoteric POWER is, and what Peace and Trial are, when walking hand in hand to guide and direct.

"I now ask you to pledge to us that you will take up the work FOR man's freedom, AGAINST man's slavery; for MAN'S knowledge against MAN'S IGNORANCE, for Light against Darkness, for OUR ORDER against the . . . . . !"

With all solemnity I took the oath of allegiance in this regard, and then, I was told to come again another day — three or four days hence — and receive my final instructions. In the meantime, I was to visit several libraries and museums, and see some old paintings and relics and make such notes as I found necessary.

After two days had passed I met the several men, by their appointment, in another place — the old Tower, the one place so greatly disputed by those who cannot believe that the tower still exists, but which does exist, and will be visited some day by our Brothers and Sisters. Here I was given my final instructions, which I now outline here briefly, so that they may be passed on to those who will be greatly concerned in the work of the future.

*How prophetic this statement was is indicated by the facts of the late Imperator's life and his comparatively early transition.

THE IMPERATOR'S INSTRUCTIONS

First: The Order in France having ceased to have an exoteric body since the year 1880, and since there was only the fraction of a thousand souls in the Order in Europe having no secret chief or Imperator, the Order in Europe could not grant any Charter or paper of patent; furthermore the Order had never granted such charters or patents, but evolved its leaders or Imperators through Cosmic processes.*

Second: The last secret head of the Order in Europe had been Christian Rosenkreutz, so-called — who was in truth Francis Bacon, and who used other names, such as Andrea, in the Order, and Shakespeare in other work.

Third: That, in other countries, there were thousands of men and women who were born Rosæcrucians from Rosæcrucian grandparents, but, while living according to the principles and in some cities meeting in small groups for study under various names, they were not organized into regular Lodges, since the ending of Christian Rosenkreutz' cycle of 108 years.

Fourth: That all these men and women and small groups were patiently awaiting the coming of the next leader, which they knew would be in 1915; and this prophecy had been made for several hundred years — even during Rosenkreutz' time, and in India, where the last Eastern chief of the Order lived and was raised to the Higher Realm.

*The Order in France during this period was not conducting any outer activities. There was no semblance of fraternalism as we know it in America today. There were not even any established temples designated as places where Rosicrucian conclaves are held regularly, as now exist in North America and elsewhere. Fratres and Sorores of the Order in France met at irregular times and there was not that methodical pursuit of the studies that we who are members of this jurisdiction enjoy. Though the late Imperator was given sole authority in 1909 to bring Rosicrucianism into active existence again in America, and was allowed to copy notes pertaining to its teachings and precepts as he has explained herein, he was not given any paper or document that proclaimed him Imperator, for that was not the custom of the Order as he has explained: To be made Imperator, he had first to prove himself qualified, *to labor in the vineyard of the Order for years.* However, at a later period, documentary confirmation of his noble work was given him as is explained in the published Rosicrucian History of AMORC, and in 1915 he was duly recognized as Imperator of this jurisdiction by the Order in France. Since that year, many written charters and documents of further authority have been given him by the Supreme officers of foreign jurisdictions of the Order and these historical manifestoes repose in the archives of the Order at the Supreme Lodge in San Jose, California, and are inspected by committees of members at each annual convention of the A. M. O. R. C. of North and South America.

Fifth: That those journeying to India and Egypt or other Eastern lands in search of the Order, were always told that in the West, where the Eagle Spreads Its Wings, will come the next incarnated soul of Amenhotep IV, in the year of 1915, to take up the work for the next cycle of 108 years.

Sixth: That such a leader would make himself known, not by papers or documents, but by his work: that without funds he would accomplish what others would not accomplish without or even with funds; that he would demonstrate in a simple manner what others pretending to be great would not demonstrate in the most complex manner; that without previous education or training,* he would know such things as only the most learned man or woman could know, and even more than this, what only the sages or mystics of the past had ever known — all wisdom combined, a master in the arts and sciences in every handiwork and every law; that without political power or material assistance, he would change the laws of man and nation and cast light over darkness where others had failed in spite of political power, earthly forces and material strength; that as a young man he would do that which older men would hesitate to do; that with many material opportunities for using his Cosmic-given abilities, talents and unusual knowledge, he will forsake the material world and its glimmer and sacrifice his future happiness, his worldly ease and pleasures and even the happiness of those nearest and dearest to him, to fulfill his mission in life; that, instead of applying all his work and efforts selfishly for himself or for those nearest to him, he would unselfishly give to others; that he would day by day demonstrate a kindness and love and a tolerance for others seldom found in human beings; that he would take and receive naught but suffering and sorrow as his reward, and would always be ready to take more of it and work under and against the worst obstacles possible, with joy in his heart, instead of revenge or hatred; and that he would prove himself the true leader of the Order and True Master by his acts and his omissions, his kindness and his reverence, his steadfastness and his personality —

*This refers to training in the mystic arts and sciences.

though all be against him and evil seem to conquer, still would he grow stronger and more beloved by those who knew him and were with him.*

Seventh: That he would make himself the Imperator, not by decree of any Council or power from any individual, but by his fulfillment of the purposes of the Order, living the life of a Rosæcrucian and *by truly establishing again the Order in all its glory and with all its power, and by bringing the true light to the world again, and thereby proving that he did resurrect the Order in 1915, as decreed by the old masters.*

Eighth: That by establishing the Order in this way and reviving all its old laws and principles, and by spreading the work TO OTHER LANDS, prove himself the *true descendant of the old Masters.*

Ninth: That by adding to the work and making it more simple and comprehensible; that by receiving from the Cosmic Masters their newer instructions and latest teachings; that by reaching the heights of attunement, and proving that he could develop others to attunement and soul-freedom with him; that by developing others to go to lands and places by projections; that by developing others to do the great healing work; and *that by causing others to love him for his own sake and the work he has done and the suffering he has gone through — by all these things he would make himself the True Master of the Order, for the cycle beginning in 1915, throughout the world.*

Tenth: That when the great time came and he had established Lodges in his own land and in OTHER LANDS, he would then appoint from among his TRIED and TESTED Brothers and Sisters a Council to rule the work of the Order throughout the world, so that he would again have, as have the Masters of old, a SUPREME COUNCIL OF THE WORLD to help him that his work might grow greater and richer everywhere.†

*The great love, respect and admiration had by the membership for the late Imperator was evidenced in the several thousand condolence letters, telegrams and cables received at the Supreme Lodge upon the occasion of his transition.

†This Supreme Council he later organized and it has been in continuous existence for over twenty years.

Eleventh: That he would continue to receive from the Cosmic Masters the further instructions, unguided by any earthly advice, and that he would keep secret the real purpose of the Order to those who should not know, and would in every way keep holy and undefiled the good name of the Order, even at the sacrifice of his earthly life and peace.

Twelfth: That when he did appoint his Supreme Council of the World or other advisors he would bind them to the Order and its principles and himself, in the same way as he had been bound and as the great Masters would Cosmically direct him, even to having each pledge their lives and their earthly efforts in the most binding and sacred manner possible.

These were the instructions and laws I received and under which I have toiled for over three years, and for which I have planned and made sacrifices for nearly nine years — since July of 1909.

All the rituals and instructions which I have used I have had to secure in many strange ways — but generally through the same process as I used before finding the Order — that of entering into a state of attunement about nine o'clock in the evening and staying in that condition for hours until I had received what I desired.*

So, for the past four years I have devoted one, two, and sometimes four nights a week in such attunement until as late as two and three o'clock in the morning. I would sit in the dark or a soft light until I lost objective consciousness, and there, with pencil and paper at a table, I would permit my hand to write out the teachings and the ceremonies, the laws and the principles. Sometimes the writing would be brief and needed amplification; sometimes there would be many symbols and hieroglyphics which I would have to translate. Often the language would be so wonderful and so perfect that I have used it in our work without alteration or addition.

*Much of the written material transmitted to the late Imperator upon his several later journeys to Europe were of such an abstract nature that they required his personal interpretation and elucidation to make them comprehensible to AMORC members.

One such example of wonderful writing from the Cosmic Masters is the old Nodin Manuscript used in our Fourth Degree. That came to me in one night — from nine in the evening to four in the morning — and the original manuscript just as I wrote it then, I still have in my files where a few will see it upon request. In the copies we use in our lectures only a few words have been added or changed. It came direct from the Master who originally wrote it — Nodin — and who is now one of the Masters who helps me.

Some of our members have seen or heard Padre speak through me in the third degree lectures or experiments — or at other times from the Temple Platform. It was he and another great Master, whose name I will give later — who have given me all the work of our Order and who continue to guide me.

(CONTINUED IN MANIFESTO V)

AVERMENT

Standing in the presence of the God of my Heart and ever mindful of the Terror of the Threshold, I do solemnly affirm that I have carefully read and meditated upon the contents of this manifesto. I further affirm that at the supreme moment when I was conscious of the spiritual surge within my being that enthralled and caused me to ascend in consciousness above and beyond my mortal and physical environment, and when I was also aware of the invisible presence of the Cosmic Hosts, I did affix my signature below and record the hour, day, month and year of this Cosmic experience. I do also solemnly avouch by these same sacred tokens that I have permitted no other eyes but mine to peruse the contents of this manifesto.

Name *Time* *Day* *Month* *Year*

CONFESSIO
R.·. C.·.
FRATERNITATIS

Prepared by
BRO. PROFUNDIS
1918

ISSUED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF THE
IMPERATOR
ANCIENT MYSTICAL ORDER ROSAE CRUCIS
S.·. S.·. S.·.
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

MANIFESTO V

13. f. 1.

INSTRVCTION.
A LA FRANCE
SVR LA VERITE'
DE L'HISTOIRE DES
FRERES DE LA
Roze-Croix.

Par G. NAVDE' Parisien.

O quantum est in rebus inane. Pers. Satyr. 1.

Duc de Valentinois. 1735.

A PARIS,

Chez FRANÇOIS IVLLIOT, au troisiesme pillier de la grand' Salle du Palais.

M. DC. XXIII.

AVEC PRIVILEGE DV ROY.

The above is a reproduction of a title page from what is termed the true history of the Rosicrucian Order. It was written by a Dr. G. Naude and first published in Paris in 1623. Dr. Naude was librarian to Cardinal Mazarin and thus was obliged to be very critical in his review of the history of the Rosicrucian Order, and tries to deride the teachings of the Order Rosae Crucis. However, his negative work verifies the fact that distinguished individuals who were said in Rosicrucian tracts to be members of the Order were actually so. Consequently, he unwittingly proves in his work the early existence of the Rosicrucian Order and even the membership in it of the eminent Sir Francis Bacon. The photostat of this original work is in the archives of the AMORC.

AND so I have devoted many years of my life which might have been spent in pleasure or worldly things, to build up this Order. Nights when I was not in attunement in my little sanctum at home I was at the Temple lecturing or giving treatments. I have made my wife and children suffer with me in order that others might have the result of my work and the profits of the pledges I made in old Toulouse.

And — I have kept my promises in other ways which our members here have never learned. In what hours I could spare from the Temple work and from my attunements with the Masters, I have been busy establishing Lodges in other Lands as I promised I would. Yet I did not permit any Brother or Sister to help me in this foreign work. I had to keep it secret and do it alone, that it might be done and under way before I appointed my Supreme Council of the World. And so, with all the other work I have had to do, I have for over two years kept up a steady correspondence in foreign lands with every secret group and every mystic body until I have succeeded in establishing a Lodge in Madras, India, under my own direction there, one in the Gold Coast of West Africa under my own direction, one in Persia and one in Egypt, where, for over a hundred years only a few descendants of the Order remained. I have started Lodges in other countries and have recognition now in many lands, and yet all this had to be done quietly and secretly and alone.*

The work has been stupendous, but it has made me happy — more happy than anything else in this world and after all these years of labor and while I am now about to begin the last half of my thirty-fifth year and when the great change or TRANSITION and ILLUMINATION is to come, I feel that I must make arrangements and appoint my Supreme Council of the World.

For over six months, now, I have warned those around me that a great and important crisis in my life was coming. I expected

*This correspondence is on file at the Supreme Grand Lodge.

that the transition would take me to the Higher Realms and I am sure that some such change will come before the year is ended. That is why I spoke to the Brothers and Sisters of our Lodge last Rosæcrucian New Year's night and said: "This may be the last time I will appear before you as the Imperator or your Master."

However, God's will be done! I have undertaken on this trip across the country to prepare this CONFESSION and it is now done, and as I face the Western Lights and see the first signs of California I realize that my Western trip is ended — *this eighteenth day of April, 1918* — and that my Confession is ended — yet more is to be added sometime, I am sure, by those events which come as a crisis within a few months. May God be merciful to all, just as ever, and kind to one who has striven all his life to help others, who has to deceive some that power for evil might not be given into their hands and who has had to pay dearly for every hour of joy and for every minute of unselfish efforts for others.

Yet Peace Profound will reign in America and other lands some day, and then others will see that I, simple American, guided by love, have added to Peace Profound, through those efforts and laws which I must now transfer into other hands. May God bless each who reads this and becomes one of the Masters in the Temple of God.

H. SPENCER LEWIS
"Profundis XII°" [Alden]

Enroute from San Francisco
to Ogden, Utah, Thursday,
May 9th, 1918, R. C. 3271.

TO BROTHERS BRASSARD AND BINIMELIS:*

I feel, now that I am leaving the State of California and out of its immediate environment and influence, that I must write this message and have it read by Brothers Brassard, Lindstedt, Binimelis, and the one or two others whom they may give this to in the same spirit as it is given to them.

You are aware that for some years I have looked forward to the time when the great transition would occur which is plainly indicated in my horoscope and likewise predicted and predicated in all my communications and dealings with the unseen Masters. You have recently learned from me, during the past six months and from *he who knows* that the time of this personal transition was near at hand; and while its coming and its very imminence did not disturb or perturb me, its nature and its effects were of considerable interest, for there was great work to be done before I could fully resign myself to its unforeseen and unknown results, be they whatever the Masters or Supreme Master decreed.†

Very recently you have witnessed the increasing anxiety on my part and the outer manifestations of inner and other preparations

*This communication is addressed to two Fratres, AMORC officers, who were very active at the time in the work of the Order and who resided in New York City, the first location of the Supreme Grand Lodge of AMORC for this cycle. The first, Frater Brassard, was Supreme Secretary. A copy of the original letter was attached to the R.·. C.·. Confession and its content bears directly upon the late Imperator's experiences at the time of his writing it. Consequently, it is of importance that it be included with this manifesto.

†The transition to which the late Imperator refers is not the *Great Initiation* or the returning of the soul to the Cosmic and the realm of the Absolute from whence it came. It refers instead to a coming *transition of his psychic self*, a sudden attainment of great illumination, that would transcend him above the ordinary realm of objective perception. From such a time on, he realized he would be able at will to attain that state with its magnificent perspective and consequently he would be obliged to keep his consciousness on that plane frequently to derive the great wealth of knowledge that would come to him through such contacts. And thus he was warning these Fratres that it would be necessary for him to relinquish many of his previous duties that occupied his objective consciousness so many hours of the day.

for such an event, and while I may not have veiled these things from most of you, I have tried to keep the knowledge of a coming crisis from the minds or conscious realization of the majority of our members.

It was with considerable reluctance that I ventured upon this transcontinental trip, and you may well remember the attitude of mind with which I addressed the members of our Lodge on the night of our Rosæcrucian New Year and left an unmistakable impression upon them that it might be the very last time that their Imperator and Brother would thus address them upon the occasion of a sacred New Year Feast. All in all, I have tried to prepare each and all of you for the crisis which was inevitable and it was with the hope that this trip to the West with its many hours for contemplation and meditation — and facilities to typewrite — would prepare my mind and soul for the inevitable, and permit me to write the Great *Confessio* required of me as it was required of all past Supreme Executives of our Order, up to and including "Christian Rosenkreutz" whose *Fama CONFESSIO* is a sacred document to the secret Masters of our Order.

And, fortunate indeed is it that my Confession is now completed in many pages of closely typewritten matter, for the end has come and the purpose of this message to each of you is to let you know that the Imperator of the past whom you knew so well and whose love and kindest regards each of you possessed in unstinted degree, *is no more*. His soul and mind have passed through the great transition, instead of his body, although that too has been greatly transmuted in ways which all true mystics will discern with understanding very shortly. And, so it has come about that I spoke to each of you not too soon regarding this matter, and it is now necessary that I prepare you for what *is* and *will be*.

I wish that I could give you all the details of this great event, but I must reserve them as part of the closing words of the Great Confessio, which I completed before reaching California, where this last event in my life and in the history of our Order is most properly and logically affiliated. But a few points must be made

clear to you now, that each of you may prepare for the changes which will come with my home-coming and the life I will live from this time onward for a definite number of years.

And so, the hour came for the great transition; a most propitious time finding me not unprepared in mind and soul and not unmindful of my obligation to completely resign myself to the sacrifices, the conditions and the results.

It was on Sunday afternoon, April 21st (precisely one month after the Rosæcrucian New Year Feast) at 5:55 p. m., Pacific Time (6:55 Eastern Time) or one hour earlier by the true sun time, that transition began with the first sound I uttered from the platform of the hall in which I was speaking for the first time in the State of California. Accompanying the vibrations of my voice, which trembled around and about me until my being was tingling like the action of the piano wire after being struck, were vibrations of the Cosmic and the Mundane world until the earth trembled, the buildings creaked and moved on their foundations, and with the audience in fright and leaving rapidly, I could only stand still, *unmoved*, for I could not move. I was transfixed, speechless, senseless and conscious only of one thing: THERE, IN FRONT OF ME, IN THE CENTRE OF THE AUDITORIUM AND ONLY SLIGHTLY BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE PLATFORM ON WHICH I STOOD WAS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FIGURE AND FACE I HAVE EVER SEEN. The supremely grand figure and personality gazed steadily at me, and about it came the most perfect violet aura that my eyes have ever witnessed. It did not move, but the smile of encouragement that greeted me told the story of the coming of the time and I knew that the hour struck and all of nature's forces were in accord, working to bring about the *transition I was awaiting*.

I need not now go into what followed this ante-crisis. I spoke on to those who finally returned to their seats, while sobs and tears and prayers were mumbled or vented in all parts of the halls. My words were soft, I was inspired and listened to the message of PEACE which flowed through my lips from the divine being still before me.

The newspapers next morning stated that a strange and unusual *earthquake* had passed over Southern California, and while buildings toppled and some fell, and railroads and telegraph lines were ruined, *no lives* were lost, *no souls destroyed.* Ah, they knew not the truth. "No life lost and no soul destroyed," was but part of the truth; for there WAS A SOUL TRANSFORMED AND A NEW PERSONALITY BORN.

In the days of old the Great Master's soul was freed while the multitude looked up at his body sacrificed upon the Cross of Love and Service, while the earth trembled and the Cosmic Forces vibrated and manifested their culmination. And, He then retired for a while in the wilderness to come again *a resurrected being.* And so it has been with your Imperator, who in all humility makes the comparison of his transition with that of the Great Master, mindful of the great difference in souls, being and personality.

That Sunday night I was in deeper trance while speaking to the members of the Los Angeles Lodge in private session, and my demonstrations were of an unusual nature — mystifying all understanding. More and more my body and soul were passing through transmutation and transition. Tuesday came and I went to San Diego and there spoke again in more unusual mind and power, and on Wednesday morning was so much within the borderline of a newer consciousness that in walking about the streets alone, I lost my way and for hours wandered about San Diego without the ability to remember my name, my host's name, or even an address. With me then, and continuously since the Sunday hour of stress, was the divine, ever-illuminated and holy figure — the Soul which is my guide and my inspiration henceforth.

Throughout the week I attended other meetings of our members, speaking here and there, and then going to San Francisco to speak on another Sunday afternoon (the 28th of April) and again that night to members privately. I was not the man they had expected — but more — for with me and speaking through me was the shadowy form of *my* beloved soul-master, whose very

essence and being was slowly preparing and attuning mine for what was soon to come.

Then came the meeting in Oakland, California, on Monday evening, April 29th, when again the mysteries of transition manifested themselves in a way which called forth more of the unusual comments I heard at all my meetings and which I may add or record at the close of my *Confessio*. During that day I had purchased my railroad tickets and "sleeper" accommodations for my journey from San Francisco to Ogden, Utah. My plans were all made consciously for leaving San Francisco Tuesday, April 30th, though I must confess, I was exerting great effort to have a perfect realization of my objective acts.

After the meeting of Monday night I returned to San Francisco by way of the boat between 11 and 12 o'clock and left the party I was with, to stand alone at the edge of the boat and watch the playing of the lights on the dark waters of the great Bay. I was fascinated, spellbound and undoubtedly affected in some strange way by the figure which now walked upon the surface of the water and bid me follow or come to it. That I did not try this was due to the fact that I saw in it a symbolism rather than a literal interpretation and I returned after a time to the group awaiting me, and with them I returned to my hotel in San Francisco, packed my grip and satchel ready for an early departure in the morning for Ogden, Utah.

It is probably useless for me to attempt to explain or even outline the events following that night's profound sleep. With prayers that the Masters might guide me aright and conscious of the presence of the great and beautiful spirit always calling me to follow, I fell asleep. It was after midnight when I lost consciousness of self — midnight of April 29th, with the dawn of Tuesday, April 30, but a few hours away, in the country of roses and poppies where life is at its best and the air inspiring to one who seeks the fullness of earthly existence.

When I awoke — when I came to consciousness of myself and my surroundings — I was not in the same room, the same city, or,

seemingly, the same land. I was in an old and ancient building, where quietness and peace were so evident that they seemed like music in the air; where the odor of roses and wild flowers clung to me like an invisible mantle and the sun was shining more brightly than in any clime I had ever seen. I did not know — I could not know — where I was, nor did this lack of understanding arouse any concern in me. I knew only that I was in the presence — the complete and perfect realm — of the mystic soul which was slowly merging into my own and as slowly absorbing that which had heretofore been *my* soul. The great transition was at hand. I was just across the borderline and could have but little realization of the objective world.

I found in the room all my personal effects properly unpacked and arranged for a long stay. I found many other articles of worship of a Rosæcrucian nature, and before me, in front of a large mirror, was a beautiful gold Rosey Cross. I arose and lifted my hands to heaven and cried aloud: "Thank God, the Dawn has come; God be praised!" I fell to my knees, I chanted and I heard sweet voices chanting after me: "So mote it be, so mote it be!" As I stood upon my feet a clear and solemn-toned voice at my side thrilled me with these words, slowly and sweetly spoken:

"RISE FROM THE TOMB IN WHICH THOU HAST BEEN AND WALK FORTH INTO THE WORLD, WHERE, IN THY RESURRECTION FROM THE CROSS, THOU SHALT BE KNOWN AS ALDEN!"

I walked as in a dream, but I knew it was all in actuality and not dream realizations. I found that day that I was upon a hill overlooking a great bay in a place unknown to me, but now known and which I shall keep nameless for reasons which must be evident. I found also that the day was Wednesday, May First, and that the whole of Tuesday, April 30th, had come and gone without my conscious realization; that on that missing Tuesday I had in fact left San Francisco but not for Ogden, but for this strange place, arriving at this mystic goal late in the

night of Tuesday and never knowing its realities until Wednesday morning.

Then, for some days I lived in this mystic home, eating and sleeping, walking on the strange shores of the restless ocean, dozing on the sand dunes or basking in the warm sun on weird rocks off the shore. I saw no one whom I knew or now know except the master soul which was my constant companion. I spent hours in prayer and meditation; I found myself able to project myself to all places with ease and peace. I held communion with many great unseen masters and was instructed in my future work and my future obligations. I was able to see the souls of those who were associated with me in the work of the Order, and I know each of them *now* as I could never have known them otherwise; *I know the true and false, and I am sending this letter to you that you may be warned of this fact.*

On Friday, May 3rd, I was lead by my Master to a place between two of the green hills where was marked with a huge white Cross, the place where the Rosæcrucian Stone was brought and buried in American soil before white men lived here. At the same place I worshipped in the ruins of an old Temple erected to our work long before there was any other Temple in America, as the Masters told me in Toulouse. I was able to photograph these things and to keep notes, and these I will show some day. The days came and passed so gloriously that when the last day came and my transition was completed, I could only weep and ask that I might come again; and so a date was set for my return, a date and event which all my Brothers and Sisters of our Lodge in New York must help me prepare for.

And, so, after several days' absence from San Franicsco and with no one knowing where I was except those who had planned this mystic period, I found myself conscious of the world again at a railroad station on my way to San Francisco.

I realize that this account will be taken as a mystic story; but the facts are true and my life hereafter will prove it.

I will remain in this existence many years and my great work is just begun. I ask that Sisters Mitchell and Sanderson and

Sister Linke be permitted to read this, for a group of five and some others, including Brothers Richter and Lindstedt will reach the great heights with me and I wish them prepared. None whose names I have not mentioned shall read this, and when all have read, these pages must be saved for me, for I must preserve them according to instructions, and add this to my Confessio.

May all who read become illuminated, *warned*, and blessed that they may prepare for the great awakening which is surely coming to them; and may they view with love, tenderness and deep consideration the present and future efforts of their Brother Imperator to help them.

"ALDEN"

AVERMENT

Standing in the presence of the God of my Heart and ever mindful of the Terror of the Threshold, I do solemnly affirm that I have carefully read and meditated upon the contents of this manifesto. I further affirm that at the supreme moment when I was conscious of the spiritual surge within my being that enthralled and caused me to ascend in consciousness above and beyond my mortal and physical environment, and when I was also aware of the invisible presence of the Cosmic Hosts, I did affix my signature below and record the hour, day, month and year of this Cosmic experience. I do also solemnly avouch by these same sacred tokens that I have permitted no other eyes but mine to peruse the contents of this manifesto.

Name *Time* *Day* *Month* *Year*

50026